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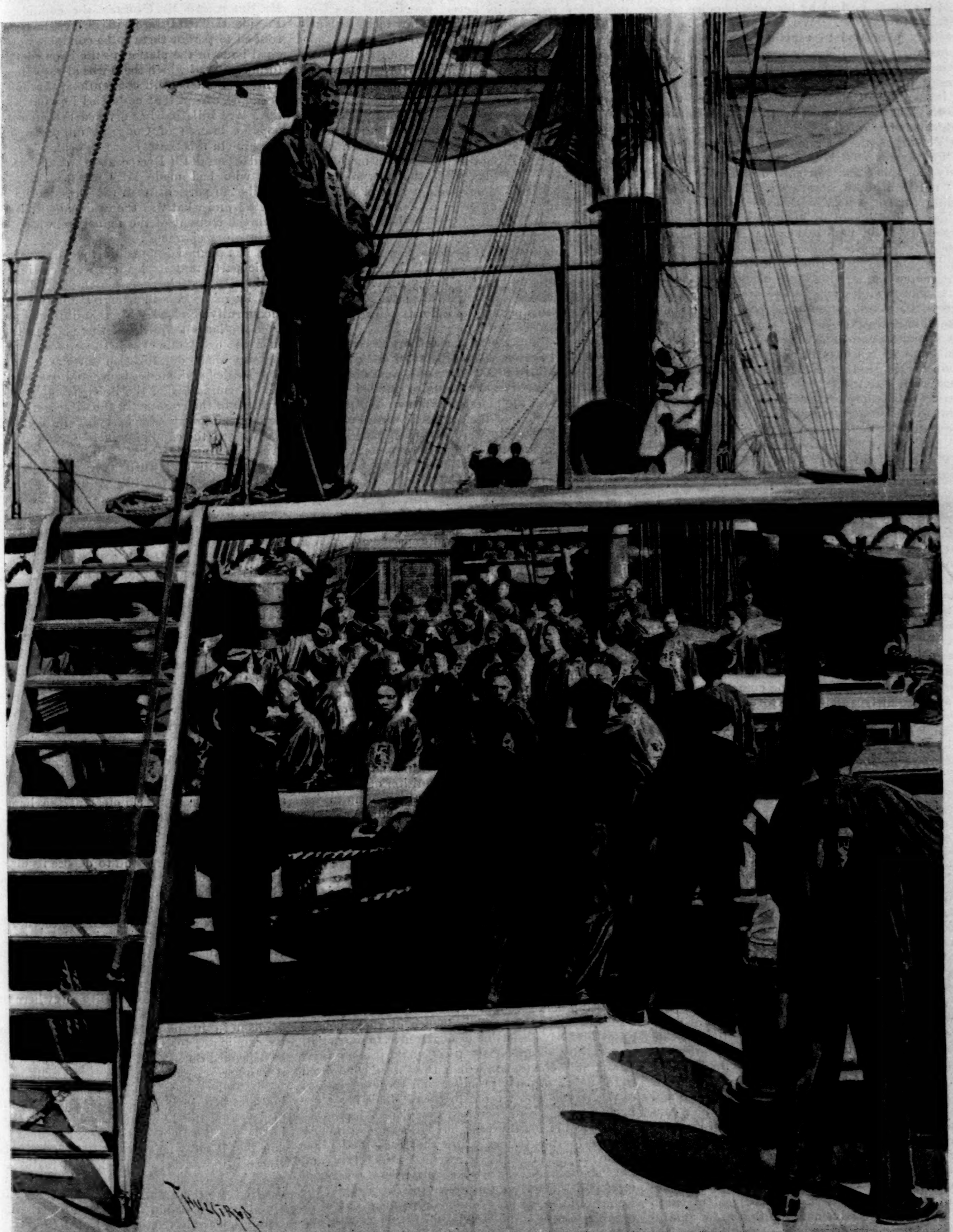

GUN DRILL ON BOARD THE CHINESE WAR-SHIP "YUNG WO."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 870.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN THE STATE.

IN March last we published an article accusing Governor Flower of having deliberately and systematically violated the civil service law, which, as a law of the State, he had by his oath of office sworn faithfully to execute. We charged that he had knowingly permitted to remain in office a large number of persons illegally appointed; that when the election of a Republican Comptroller threatened to result in stopping the pay of those persons, he had, in the face of his own repeated promise to enforce the law, shielded many of them from harm by taking them from under the competitive rule, or by merely changing the designation of their places; and that by various contrivances he had managed to nullify the spirit and purpose of the civil service law, "not in an open, courageous fashion, but in a shuffling, furtive, cowardly, hypocritical way, utterly unbecoming a man of honor and self-respect." Charges like these, preferred before the Legislature by the Civil Service Reform Association of New York, have in the mean time been investigated by a Senate committee. Owing to the excitements caused by the labor troubles and by the tariff struggle in Congress, this investigation has not received the public attention it deserves.

The examination of the witnesses, very ably conducted for the Civil Service Reform Association by its counsel, Mr. Horace E. Deming, assisted by its secretary, Mr. MacAneny, has not only in the most conclusive manner proved the charges brought against the Governor, but a great deal more.

The history of the civil service law in this State is very instructive. The law was enacted while Mr. Cleveland was Governor. He appointed a Civil Service Commission composed of earnest friends of the civil service reform principle, who, together with an experienced and very competent chief examiner, Mr. Burt, went faithfully to work to classify the civil service of the State, with a view to bringing the largest possible number of places gradually under the competitive rule. When Mr. Cleveland had become President he appointed Mr. Burt to a position in the Federal service. Within a few months after the commission had succeeded in finding in the person of Mr. William Potts a worthy successor, Mr. David B. Hill, who had succeeded to the Governorship, put a sudden stop to the efforts of the commission to enforce and extend the operation of the law by abruptly removing the commissioners, as well as the chief examiner. Governor Hill appointed a new commission, with General Sickles at its head. Its members were men who might have been expected at first to approach the civil service reform idea with the cynical contempt characteristic of the practical politician; yet they were intelligent and honest enough to see its merits when they came into contact with its actual workings, and to conceive a sincere desire to enforce the law. But as soon as they had arrived at this state of mind, they in their turn met at Governor Hill's hands the fate of the first commission. A new set of commissioners was appointed, with Mr. Eustis as chairman. The same experience repeated itself. At first indifferent, or even hostile, to civil service reform, the new commissioners gradually became converts to it. But no sooner did they show an inclination to enforce the law in good faith than "off went their heads," and their places were filled with a new set of men, whom Governor Hill may have thought proof against the civil service reform infection. But they were not; and their chief examiner, Mr. Riley, went even so far as to make a list of the illegally appointed persons, and to submit it to the commissioners, as well as to the Comptroller and to the chiefs of the different departments of the State government. Meanwhile Mr. Flower had become Governor, and when the commission and its chief examiner continued to call attention to the violations of the law, Governor Flower showed himself a worthy successor to Governor Hill by removing them, and appointing a new set, who are still in office.

These frequent removals promptly following symptoms of fidelity to duty were naturally calculated to bring about a progressive deterioration in the administration of the civil service law, by making the Civil Service Commissioners understand that their chances of remaining in office depended entirely upon the degree of servility in their compliance with the Governor's pleasure. This the present commissioners seem to understand and appreciate thoroughly, for, as they avowed before the investigating committee, they acted upon the theory that under the civil service law the Governor has the power to make or unmake, to enforce or suspend rules and regulations governing appointments—in fact, to observe or to set aside the law according to his sweet will—and that the Civil Service Commissioners are not the guardians of the law, but merely the Governor's clerks, bound to obey his behests. And now, Governor Flower being an ordinary spoils politician of signal flabbiness of intellect as well as will-power, and the present commissioners and their chief examiner a set of sorry incompetents, without any official pride or higher purpose, merely bent upon holding on to their places, and therefore obsequious to the Governor's nod, it is no wonder that the deterioration in the administration of the civil service law should now have reached its lowest point; that the Governor should have permitted the law to be defiantly broken and nullified; that he should have at times pompously declared his determination to enforce the law, while at the same time resorting to the most despicable shifts and quirks to shield the perpetrators as well as the beneficiaries of its violation; that by wholesale withdrawals of the important places from the competitive rule, and by the substitution of farcical pass examinations, the whole civil service system in this State should have become a mere sham and burlesque; and that, while this was going on, the Civil Service Commissioners should not only not have had the courage to make a single manly protest in behalf of the outraged law, but should have even tried to cover up the outrage and to deceive the public about it by base perversions of the truth in their official reports. All these things were clearly brought out by the investigation, and it is difficult to imagine a more pitiful spectacle than that presented by this poor lot of officials before the committee.

By the testimony of the chief examiners of the Federal Civil Service Commission, of the Civil Service Commission of Massachusetts, and of that of the city of Brooklyn, it was also proved beyond question that all the places withdrawn in New York from the operation of the competitive rule not only could be but actually were elsewhere successfully subjected to it, and that the various pretexts under which they had here been withdrawn were false. Indeed, our own Civil Service Commissioners, confronted by the facts, virtually admitted before the investigating committee that the places withdrawn from the competitive schedule ought to be restored, and they are said now to be at work preparing such a recommendation to the Governor. Whether they will have the manliness actually to submit that recommendation, and, if so, whether the Governor will act upon it, remains to be seen.

The Federal and the New York State civil service laws are substantially alike as to the discretion confided to the Executive. In the national government this discretion has, as to the classified service, in the main been faithfully exercised for the benefit of the public interest. In our State government, as appears clearly from this investigation, two Governors have used it not for the public benefit, but simply for the protection of the spoils politician. Fortunately our State Constitution does not compel the continuance of so large a discretion, and our humiliating experience suggests that a clearer definition of the duties and a more strict limitation of the powers of the Executive be provided by proper amendment of the civil service law.

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY.

THE Democratic party has an opportunity to regain the confidence of the people whose votes made Mr. Cleveland President in 1884 and 1892, but it is doubtful if it is equal to it. The Weekly has said that the party is as responsible for Gorman, Brice, and Smith as it is for Cleveland and Wilson. In the State and Congressional conventions that are now being held throughout the country it may show that the leadership and influence of such men as these three have been due to negligence, to oversight, to a failure to appreciate their unworthiness, their power, or the extent to which they were committed to the defeat of party promises and the expectations of the people who trusted to them. This is a question of morals, and therefore the plea of ignorance is permissible for the past, but ignorance cannot be pleaded for the future. Now that these and other Democratic leaders have revealed themselves, and have shown that they are the emissaries of trusts and monopolies bent on the defeat of its pledges, the Democratic party must either drive them out of its organization or stand convicted of irredeemable stupidity or willing acquiescence in everything that Gorman, Brice, and Smith did during the session of Congress just ended.

It is difficult to receive this plea of ignorance with patience, and it would not be tolerated for an instant if it were not that independent voters, whose hold on the balance of power is growing stronger as the country grows more enlightened, do not care to see the country overwhelmingly Republican. The history of Democratic management since long before the war is a record of blunders, some of which were crimes, and all of which, so long as they represented and controlled the party, were fatal to its success. The leadership of Barnum, Brice, and Gorman, of a party professing to be for tariff reform and civil service reform, is itself an indictment of either the intelligence or honesty of the men who selected them. What that leadership meant to the country is shown by the fact that the Democratic party has not succeeded in electing its candidate to the Presidency since 1856 except on two occasions, when the influence of its National Committee was overcome and Mr. Cleveland was nominated. Under Mr. Barnum, Mr. Brice, and Mr. Gorman, the committee having Presidential campaigns in charge has persistently refused to permit them to be conducted on the principal issue in the platform—the issue concerning the formulation of which there was always the most contention and debate in convention; the only issue of principle, except that embodied in what is known as the Force Bill, that has divided the members of the popular branch of Congress on party lines. The machine in this State, that was beaten at Chicago, refused to permit the Democrats who had defeated them, and who had made Mr. Cleveland's nomination possible, to participate in the Presidential campaign of 1892, and what was then said about tariff reform, with the consent of the managers, was of the most perfunctory character.

It has seemed impossible to convince the Democratic party that its leaders were costing it victories in national elections which seemed to be promised by its success in Congressional districts. The incongruity of a leadership that differed on essentials from the large majority of those whom they led occurred to every one except those most concerned in making their organization effective. It was the popular demand, made strong and overwhelming by the determination of the independent voters to stop the drift of the country in the direction in which the Republican party was carrying it, that made Mr. Cleveland the candidate in 1884, and again in 1892, overwhelming Mr. Gorman and most of the leaders, who now in their turn have prevented the country from reaping the full fruits of its victory over McKinleyism. In both years the independent votes elected Mr. Cleveland, and it is certain that without them the Democratic party will never elect another candidate for the Presidency, and possibly will often lose control of the House of Representatives.

This statement of the well-known facts of recent political history and of present political conditions demonstrates the necessity under which the Democratic party is placed of repudiating the leaders who have betrayed it and the country. There is no escape from this conclusion. The party may now show that it has been merely stupid, or that it intends to be corrupt and faithless. Gorman and Brice have shown that they are not to be neglected or treated lightly, but that they are able, from the positions in which they have been foolishly placed, to bring the party's promises to naught. If, therefore, the party does not show itself to be moved by wholesome wrath to drive them out of its councils, nothing good is to be expected of it, and it may anticipate defeat after defeat at the hands of the voters, who are intelligent and sincere, if it is not.

The State and Congressional conventions of the autumn afford the party this opportunity to rid itself of its internal enemies and to depose its disloyal and corrupt leaders. Some of the Western Democrats—especially those of Indiana—have spoken their minds freely and manfully. This was to have been expected, for the Western and Southern Democrats have always been sincere and determined on the tariff question; but there are plentiful signs of timidity among the Eastern Democrats. If the Democratic party is to mean anything in the future, however, there must not be timidity anywhere this year. It must declare its hostility to Gorman and to Gormanism in its platforms and in its nominations. Its candidates for Congress must be men who can be depended on to fight the Sugar Trust and all that it implies. By declarations that will make Gorman's leadership impossible in the future, and nominations that in themselves promise a fulfilment of pledges that stood for twenty years only to be broken in the end, the Democratic party can obtain the pardon that it sadly needs. If it has kept Gorman and Brice in power because it did not realize that they could work such harm as they have actually wrought, it will drive them out. If it prefers their company and their leadership to the votes of the honorable citizens who have twice elected Mr. Cleveland President, it will permit them to remain in charge of the organization, that will then deserve to be remembered in history as the Sugar Trust party.

THE NEW REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the New York Board of Health has just returned from a trip abroad, made for the purpose of investigating a new German remedy that is said to be almost a certain cure for diphtheria. His report is so enthusiastic that our authorities are to be asked to establish a laboratory for the development of the remedy here. The outcome will be awaited with anxious interest by every one who fully understands how much is at stake.

Diphtheria is the most malignant member of a small group of contagious diseases (the other members being scarlet fever, measles, and whooping-cough) whose virulence is in a measure masked by their very familiarity. These diseases are never altogether absent from centres of population. Year by year they cause thousands of deaths, yet their presence excites little popular comment. They are responsible for the death of every sixth child under five years of age and every twelfth person of any age who dies in New York city. In the decade 1882–'91 this quartet of diseases claimed 36,042 victims in that city. During the same period those dreaded diseases small-pox, typhus fever, and cholera killed but 663. Two years ago there was much ado because typhus fever seemed to have gained a foothold in the city. That much-heralded disease caused 40 deaths; diphtheria, unheralded, caused 1436. Last year there was no little apprehension in some quarters because small-pox was mildly epidemic in the city, claiming a few victims who by their folly or ignorance had invited it. Yet small-pox during the decade 1883–'92 caused only 335 deaths in the city; diphtheria caused 15,066. Thanks to sanitary science, typhus may be held at bay. Thanks to **JENNER**, the terrors of small-pox are only traditional. But the terrors of diphtheria are still real and ever-present.

For some years, however, medical science has looked forward hopefully to the conquest of diphtheria. Ten years ago the bacillus that causes the disease was discovered. The bacilli—lodged in the throat, as a rule—produce ptomaines or other toxines, that enter the circulation and poison the system. These toxines may be developed in media other than the human body, and "attenuated" by cultivation. Experiments of some years' standing prove that attenuated virus, injected into the circulation of animals in varying strengths, produces diphtheria of varying degrees of virulence, and that such virus may even cure diphtheria previously established. It remained to make the application to the human subject. Apparently this has now been done, and if the reports are to be credited, diphtheria will soon take its place beside small-pox and hydrophobia behind the victorious chariot of preventive medicine.

Meantime a word of caution may not be amiss. In their laudable anxiety to benefit the race, workers in this, as in other fields, sometimes let their imagination outstep their actual achievements. It was so a few years ago when the public was led to believe that a sure cure for tuberculosis had been discovered, whereas in reality only an important, not a final, step toward such a discovery had been made. The originator of the new diphtheria remedy is the same Dr. **KOCH** who developed tuberculin. Dr. **KOCH** is a scientist of scientists. Tuberculin was a disappointment not because its discoverer claimed too much for it, but because his followers claimed more than the master thought of claiming. It is to be hoped that the same mistake will not be repeated with the present remedy. Let enthusiastic followers make sure that they are keeping step with the originator of the remedy, and that they are not making us expect too much of it at first. There can be no question that the work of Dr. **KOCH** and others with the toxines of germ diseases is along right lines. In the end its results are sure. But we must be patient with tentative efforts. Should the diphtheria remedy do but half what is hoped for it, its value will still be inestimable. Even falling short of this, if it has any potency whatever, it will be, like tuberculin, an inspiring token of the time to come when preventive medicine will cope successfully with every contagious disease, vanquishing each one in turn by means of preventive inoculations, as it has already vanquished small-pox. But the public cannot be expected to realize this, and the remedy which accomplishes less than is promised will be accounted a failure. It is far better that little should be promised if there is the slightest question as to what can be performed. In view of the lesson in self-restraint that was taught the enthusiasts by tuberculin, however, we are justified in hoping that nothing has been claimed for the diphtheria remedy that a trial of the remedy itself will not immediately justify. In that event the origination of this remedy will easily take rank among the most important discoveries of this generation.

AN ALTRURIAN EXPERIMENT.

WORD comes from San Francisco of the organization of an association at Berkeley, California, to found a co-operative colony on the principles laid down by Mr. **BELLAMY** and Mr. **HOWELLS**. Twelve "councils" of prospective colonists have been formed in various parts of California, which are to be tributary to a "Grand Council of Altruria Community" at Berkeley. The Grand Council proposes to buy about two thousand acres of land, start agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing industries, establish schools and libraries, and maintain any enterprise that can be conducted by united effort. The association is secret and Masonic in its details. Its central idea is to be brotherly love. There is to be one standard price for labor, and all workers will be paid alike. Money will not be used, but checks and tickets, not transferable, will take its place. No member will be permitted to hire another, but all work will be done under the authority of superintendents. Every member will have undisturbed possession of his own home, and will buy what he wants at the company's stores. Work will be done so far as possible by machinery, and the invention of labor-saving processes will be encouraged. The membership fee will be fifty dollars. The president of the First Council is a clergyman, and its vice-president and its treasurer are women. Agents of the enterprise are reported to be at work in Boston and Chicago, and it is understood to be the intention of the colony to invite Mr. **HOWELLS** and Mr. **BELLAMY** to lecture in its interests throughout the State of California.

If this proposed colony is able to devise a plan of co-operative life which Mr. **HOWELLS** and Mr. **BELLAMY** will accept as a reasonable exposition of their preachments, its fate will be watched with a good deal of interest. But both of the reformers in question are gentlemen of mature experience, who know the difference between an imaginary Utopia that is pleasant to read about and one that will actually work. If the Berkeley colonists can get either of them into the lecture field to support an attempt to realize their visions they will have accomplished considerably more than there seems any warrant to expect. An Australian co-operative settlement, lately started in Paraguay, was recently visited by Mr. **FINDLAY**, Secretary of the British Legation at Argentine. He is quoted in the Melbourne *Argus* as reporting that the settlement began with everything in its favor, and in thirteen weeks had reached a condition which some of the members described as "hell on earth." But disaster so swift as that is unusual. Brook Farm did vastly better fifty years ago, and certainly the world should have learned something about co-operation in half a century.

STATE POLITICS.

THE conventions of the two great parties will be soon held for the nomination of Governor. Thus far there has been no sign that either party recognizes its duty to the State. The Democratic party apparently realizes the hopelessness of its own situation. It expects defeat, and its leaders evidently have no intention of deserving a better fate. Indeed, to do so would involve their surrender of the organization. The Republican party has thus far seemed to be hopelessly under the control of **PLATT**, who has announced that he proposes to nominate Mr. **MORTON**, and that amiable gentleman has once more consented to be the tool of the "boss," who believes that money is the most potent factor in American—at least, in New York—politics. Within a few days, however, Mr. **CHAUNCEY DEPEW** has given his party associates some sound advice in an interview cabled from England. He has informed them of the weighty fact that they are in danger of over-confidence, and that they cannot elect anybody they may choose to nominate this fall, however strong the tide may be running in their direction. These are wise words, but as yet there are few signs that they will produce the desired effect, although they have stirred up some of the anti-**PLATT** leaders, who were about to succumb, to ask Mr. **DEPEW** himself to accept the nomination.

The situation in the Democratic party can be easily explained. The machine wants harmony, but it wants it on the cheapest and easiest terms. It has no hope of electing a Democratic Governor, but it does believe that it can elect a majority of the Assembly if the anti-snappers, the New York State Democracy, and all whom its corruptions have driven into a hostile attitude to it and its recent candidates can be induced to act with it to this end. Its present leaders know that if the Republicans control both the executive and legislative departments of the State government they may as well say farewell to all hope of future political preferment. The reapportionment that will follow will assuredly make the State Republican for at least ten years to come. In order to secure the desired harmony the machine is prepared to pay a price. It will offer the State Democracy admission to the State Convention, probably a small representation on the State Committee, and will graciously permit it to antagonize Tammany in the municipal election. As **HILL** and **MURPHY** will be careful to retain control of the party, these concessions will not signify much to the reformers. More than this, the machine is ready to sacrifice **FLOWER**, and is evidently trying to persuade him to take himself out of the way without making any trouble. Considering the fact that the machine, including Tammany Hall, despises **FLOWER**, this also is not much of a sacrifice. It will doubtless propose some candidate in his place who has been a **CLEVELAND** man without offending **HILL** and **MURPHY**, and if the State Democracy should be silly enough to fall into this trap, these worthy products of their own political methods would proceed to prove to their own and their followers' satisfaction that no **CLEVELAND** man can be elected Governor of this State. There is no indication as yet that any Democratic leader recognizes, what is clearly the truth, that his party can never again elect a Governor unless its candidate is radically offensive to **HILL** and **MURPHY**.

As has been said, the Republicans are now controlled by **PLATT**. He is so certain of his absolute command of the party that he admits in an interview that he expects to name the candidate for Governor, and that he has selected Mr. **MORTON**. So generally is his power recognized that Mr. **TRACY**, sometime spoken of as a candidate for Governor, cynically says that the convention will have nothing to do but to name the candidate for the second place on the ticket. There have been other expressions of disappointment at **PLATT**'s decision from Mr. **WHITELAW REID** and Mr. **FASSETT**, who are said to have had expectations, and from Mr. **WARNER MILLER**, who has old scores to settle. But nothing tends in the right direction, and the wholesome movement in behalf of Mr. **CHOATE** seems practically at an end.

It is needless to say that the Democrats are making a mistake. That was to have been expected, and so long as they are under the control of **HILL** and **MURPHY** it is for the best interests of the State that they shall continue to blunder. Something better, however, was to have been expected of the Republicans. A few weeks ago **PLATT**'s influence in their party was weaker than it has been for several years, and, unfortunately, weaker than it is to-day. It is apparent that old partisan habits have overcome new patriotic impulses. But Mr. **DEPEW** is right, and **PLATT** is wrong if he supposes that any Republican is sure to be elected this year. Even if a weak or an unfit man could be elected, it would not be wise to nominate him, for this is eminently a time when the party can store up confidence for the future. A thoroughly good nomination like that of Mr. **CHOATE** will mean other Republican Governors. A nomination like that of Mr. **MORTON**, who is merely the best of several men who are in politics by reason of their riches, will make the independent voters as eager to punish the Republican party as they are now to punish the Democratic machine.

The people of New York are tired of the small politician Governor. They want a Chief Magistrate who will satisfy the honorable traditions of the office. They had hoped for such a candidate from the Republican party, and if they are disappointed the feeling aroused against the Republicans will be more recent, and therefore more poignant, than their anger and disgust with the Democrats. Under such circumstances Republican success would be doubtful, and it is not at all unlikely that with **MORTON** and **FLOWER**, or any Democrat satisfactory to **HILL**, as the Republican and Democratic candidates, an independent candidate could be elected Governor this fall. This is a year of all years when the lesson may be taught that this State is not always to be governed by the machine.

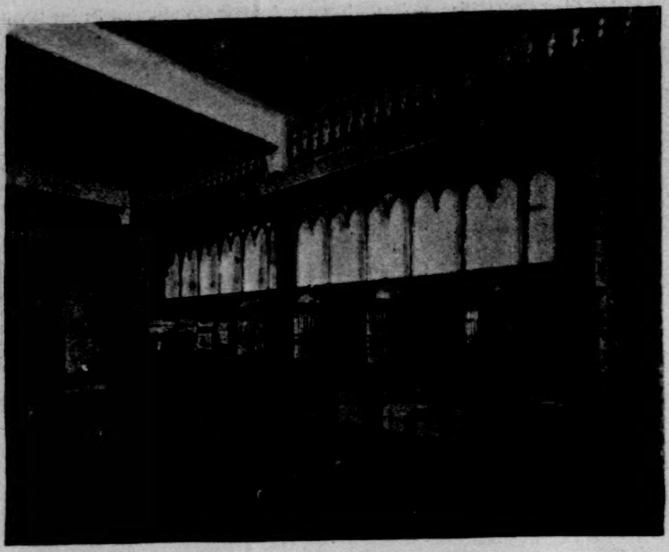
THE LOCATION OF COUNTRY ROADS.

THE engineer retained by Morris County, New Jersey, to advise in the formation of a plan to improve the county roads has come to the conclusion, after a preliminary survey, that half of the money to be spent, $525,000, will have to be used in relocating the roads and in reducing grades where relocations are not practicable. Had this not been the case, the amount of money appropriated would have been sufficient to macadamize one hundred and fifty miles of roadway. At present the roads in the county are located in nearly every instance precisely where they should not be.

There are high hills in Morris County, hills that make that section of New Jersey the most picturesque portion of the State, and one of the loveliest in the country. But in the whole county there are few instances where there is any necessity to take a main road over any of these hills, as there are valleys in almost every direction which, to the road-builder's eye, seem to have been created for his assistance and convenience. Notwithstanding this, the most important roads at present frequently go directly over the summits of high hills, and in many instances the unfortunate horses that draw the loads the farmers send to market are obliged to drag wagons up a twelve and sixteen per cent. grade—that is, go uphill twelve and sixteen feet in a hundred feet of distance. Had these roads been located with intelligence in the first place, the grade need not in any instance have exceeded five per cent., and even then the first cost would not have been greater than it was. In road-building the law should certainly require that only engineers of learning and skill be employed, for the errors of ignorance are nowhere more disagreeably and expensively perpetuated than in an improper location of a common country highway. A road once dedicated to public use is a fixture for all time.

When a railroad is to be located the best engineering talent is obtained, but with a country road any two or three farmers are generally thought to have skill enough to determine where it should go. As a matter of fact, it is more difficult and requires more skill to properly locate a country road than to fix the line for a railway. The road-builder has many more things to consider than the railway engineer. The latter makes his road as nearly an air-line as he can with the means at his command. He can establish his grades with deep cuttings and high embankments; he can have long trestles, and can tunnel under the hills, reaching the natural surface only at places for stations. But the roadway engineer has a much more difficult problem. Cuttings and embankments, except for very short distances, are out of the question, and tunnels and trestles entirely inadmissible, for his road must be accessible through pretty nearly its entire length from both sides, for otherwise it could not be approached by those who wish to use it. He must, therefore, always keep very nearly the natural surface of the ground. And yet he should not have much greater latitude in his alignment than the railway-builder, and in grades he is also restricted, for the maximum should never be greater than five, and preferably only four, per cent. Heavier grades are an impediment to traffic which smooth stone pavements cannot overcome, for only half-loads can be hauled over them.

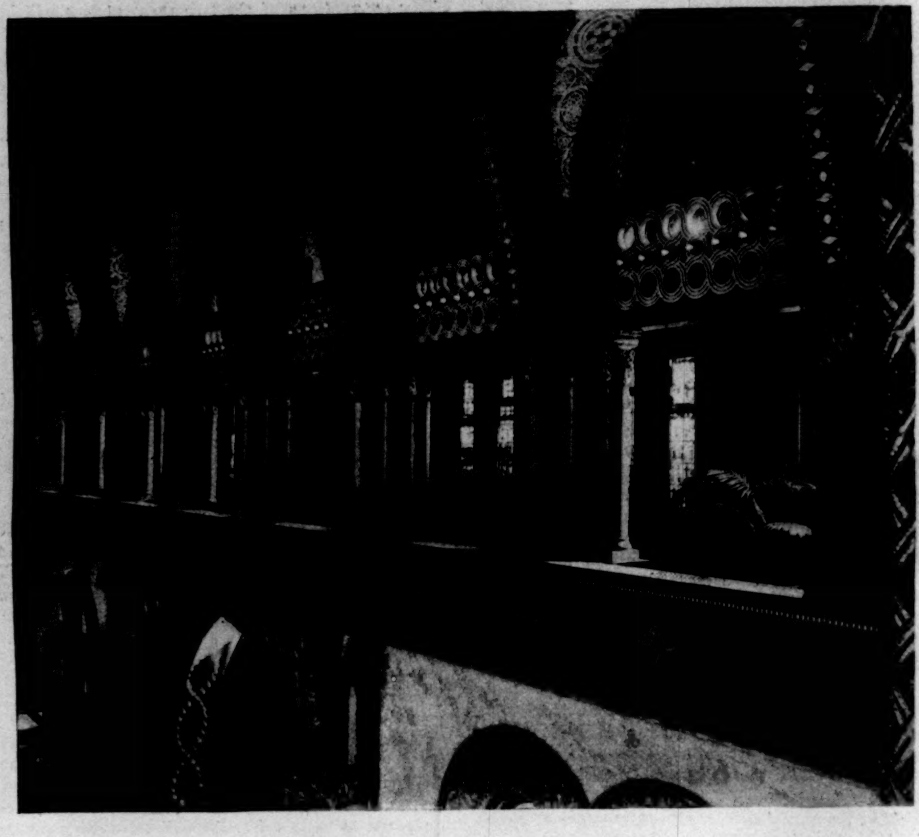
An engineer who will advise the spending of large sums of money in macadamizing a badly located road, with ten and twelve per cent. grades, will at the same time take the responsibility for wasting the money that is spent on these improvements, and will further assist in permanently fixing these errors of ignorance made by the road-builders of former generations. The people in the United States are becoming more and more alive to the importance of better roads, and here and there they are taking action in the matter. It is a good time for them and for all who are interested in the subject to consider very carefully the importance of properly locating the roads that are to be paved with stone. Country people are conservative, and are generally opposed to any radical changes. A man who has driven over a certain road for thirty years is very apt to be disinclined to see that road changed to the other side of a hill half a mile away. Upon the first presentation he is sure to object, but such changes will surely have to be made in the hilly parts of the older sections of the country. To reduce the grades on the old roads would cost more than any save a very rich community could afford to spend; simply to pave the old roads would be to throw away half the money spent on the work. In road-making, as in other things, what is worth doing at all is worth being well done.



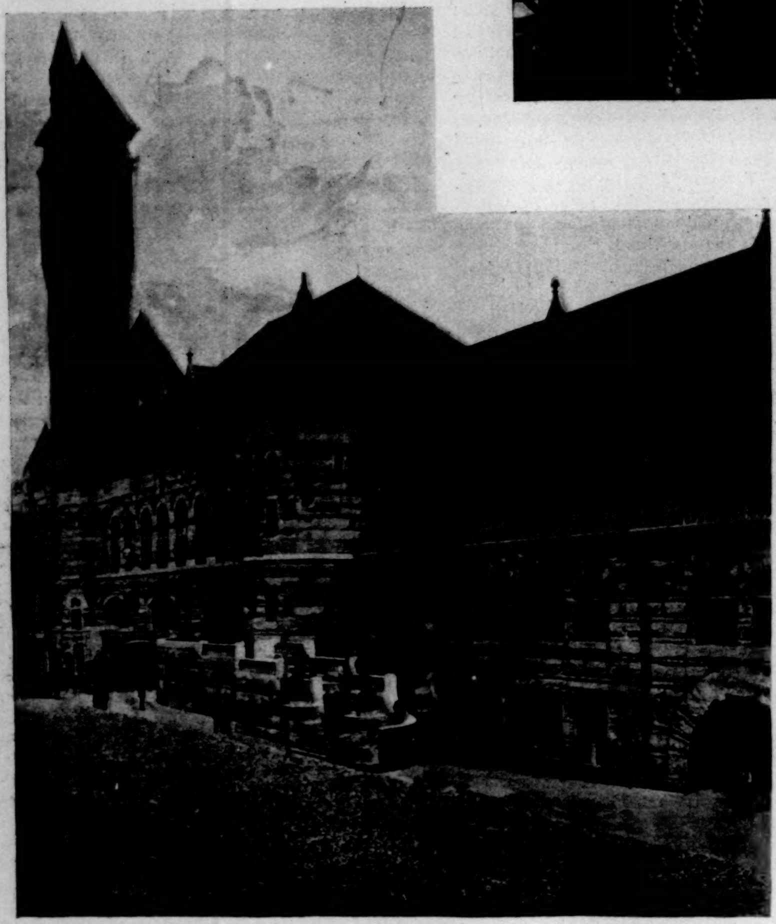
MAIN TICKET-OFFICE.

LADIES' WAITING-ROOM, FROM GRAND HALL.

THE GOTHIC CORRIDOR.



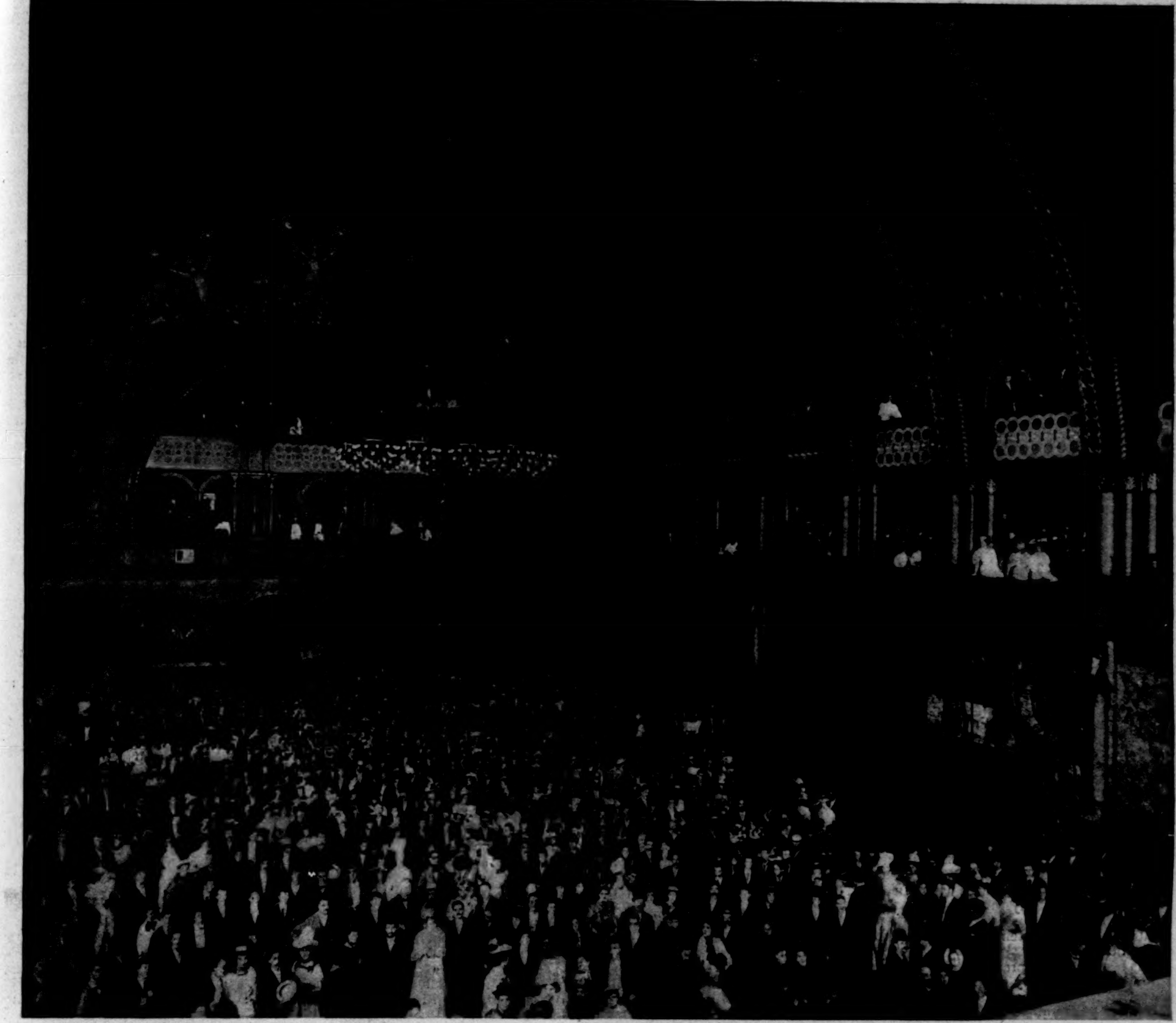
THE NORTH ARCADES, GRAND HALL.



THE ENTRANCES.

ONE OF THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOMS.

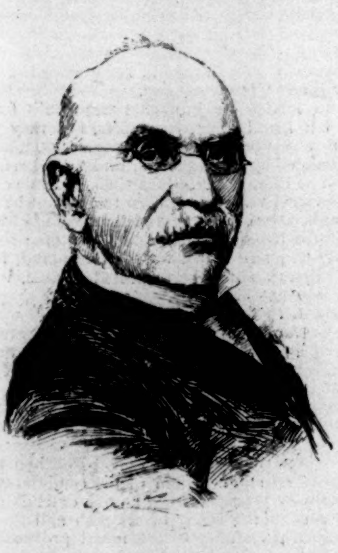
THE NEW UNION STATION AT ST. LOUIS, ERECTED BY THE TERMINAL RAILROAD ASSOCIATION.



GRAND HALL—THE EVENING OF THE OPENING OF THE ST. LOUIS TERMINAL RAILROAD STATION.

THE NEW UNION STATION AT ST. LOUIS.

THE new Union Station at St. Louis, which we mentioned in our issue of April 1, 1893, as in process of erection, has been completed, and was opened for public traffic on September 1st. The station has been constructed by the Terminal Railroad Association, a corporation formed by six of the leading railroads entering St. Louis—three Eastern and three Western lines. Although these six lines control the entire Terminal System, the other sixteen lines that centre in the city are also admitted to its use on a common footing. The directors of the company are: President William Taussig, M. E. Ingalls, M. H. Smith, W. B. Doddridge, C. M. Hays, W. W. Peabody, C. G. Warner, E. P. Bryan.



WILLIAM TAUSSIG,
President of Terminal Railroad Association, St. Louis.

The building just completed stands at the corner of Market and Eighteenth streets, extending westward to Twentieth Street, and, including the train-shed, southward to Clark Avenue. It thus covers an area of 497,092 square feet, or $11\frac{1}{10}$ acres of ground, and if the ground containing the lead tracks between the shed and the interlocking-tower, which is virtually a part of the station, be included, this gives the area a grand total of about 20 acres.

The head house, or station building proper, has a foundation wall of Grafton rock; the base course is granite, and above this, to the roof, the exterior walls are faced with Bedford (Indiana) limestone and solidly backed with brick. Turrets, arcades, galleries, and sculptures relieve the monotony of the walls, and, crowning the whole, rises the immense clock-tower, 262 feet high, visible from every part of the city. Even in the exterior we see that color effects have been carefully studied, for the roof is covered with a gray tile of a color to match the Bedford rock, on the theory that a monochrome will aid towards attaining the effect of loftiness. Entrance to the structure is effected from either side, up wide, gently sloping approaches, or by way of the *porte cochère* directly down to the ticket-office and thence to the tracks.

The interior of the building is especially noteworthy for the simplicity of its design. The central feature of each story is a great hall, 75 by 120 feet, from which you enter the minor apartments to the right and left. The central hall of the lower story or basement has along its walls the windows for the sale of railroad and sleeping-car tickets, the telegraph and public telephone offices, a bureau of information, a sub-station, and the post-office, a parcel check-room, etc. The east corridor leads to the barber-shop, bath-rooms, and to a waiting-room for second-class passengers. The west corridor leads to the lunch-counters, and thence to a carriage concourse, 100 feet long, where all omnibus travellers are landed.

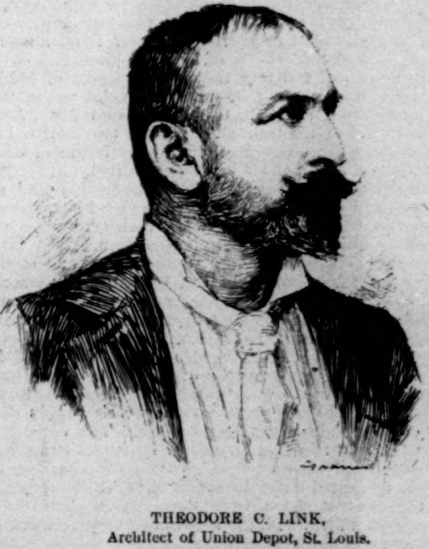
The two central halls are connected by a grand staircase. The great arch, of 40 feet span, over this forms the protective hood of a large picture, in glass mosaic, representing, by three allegorical figures, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

The rotunda or central hall is vaulted to a height of 65 feet. The otherwise quiet tones of green, olive, and yellow have been enriched by a liberal use of gold-leaf in the decoration of the capitals and ribs. At each end the walls are pierced by immense semicircular arches, with a dark blue background of arcades on the second, and semi-domes on the third floor lines, thus increasing the apparent length of the room. The wall surface between these arches and the ceiling is enlivened by a richly carved semicircular frieze cast in plaster, with just enough relief to catch the dust and thereby intensify the lines of the design. Incorporated in the design are the forms of seven female figures of heroic size, bearing torches. The long side walls are pierced by arcaded galleries on the north, and arcaded stained-glass windows on the south. The walls of this hall, below the bracketed frieze, are of highly polished scagliola, terminating below in a wainscoting of dark green faience blocks. In a recess of the eastern part of the hall sparkles the gold setting to a beautiful drinking-fountain of Siena marble, with a picture in Venetian mosaic representing a water-nymph.

To the east of the grand hall the entire floor space is set aside for women, and the decorations of these rooms are in very delicate tones. The first room, for women and men, has a wainscoting of enamelled German tile, and is all in cream, light pink, and delicate blue, the perspective point being a fireplace of Numidian marble. The clock is the figure of a beautiful young girl, who holds the clock dial in her outstretched arms.

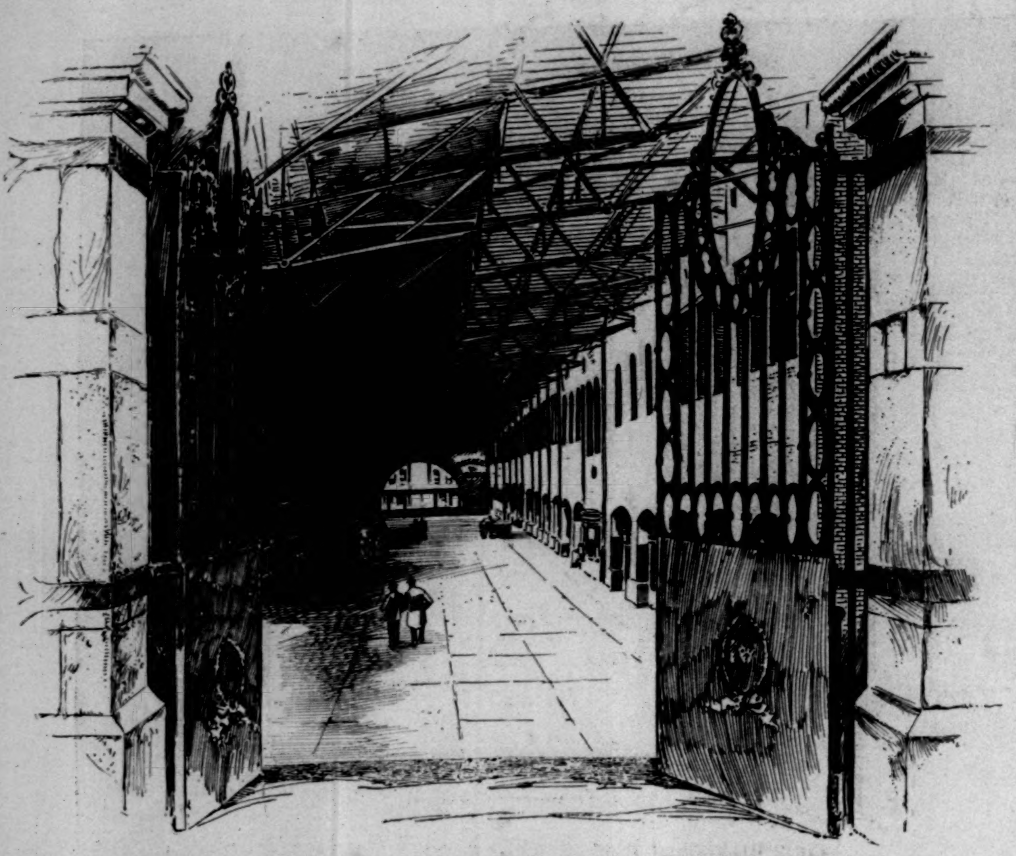
The women's room has more homelike furnishings, the wainscoting being of oak, and the decorations consisting in a frieze and ceiling centres of roses, painted by the French artist Albert Fleury. Lounges and easy-chairs are provided for the indisposed.

Going west from the grand hall one passes through a corridor 80 feet long and 16 feet wide to the general dining-room, where meals are served *à la carte*. This passageway is called the Gothic corridor, being designed in pure Tudor Gothic, with an elaborate fan-panel ceiling, the fans terminating in pendants containing the electric lights. The general dining-room is in old oak, with plaster panels frescoed in tapestry effects. A private dining-room, in rich and pure Italian Renaissance, reserved for the use of distinguished travellers, is probably the most elaborately decorated room in the building.



THEODORE C. LINK,
Architect of Union Depot, St. Louis.

Between the grand hall and the dining-room are the gen-



ST. LOUIS TERMINAL STATION—THE "MIDWAY" FROM EIGHTEENTH STREET.

tlemen's waiting-room and café. In these rooms smoking will be permitted. The waiting-room is in deep terra-cotta tints, with intricate fresco arabesque stencil-work on the ceiling and dark Tennessee marble wainscoting. All these rooms are fitted up with specially designed settees and chairs. Each room has one or more self-winding clocks controlled by electricity, and one or two drinking-fountains with cool filtered water. With the exception of the rotunda, the private dining-room, and places where incandescent lamps are made to subserve decorative purposes, all waiting-rooms are amply illuminated by arc-lights.

Above the waiting-rooms for two stories are situated offices, sixty in number, all elegantly furnished. In the eastern wing there is also a fourth floor, reserved for the use of telegraph operators, whose despatches are transmitted by a system of pneumatic tubes.

The building is heated by low-pressure steam, and the absence of radiators in the majority of the rooms indicates a system of indirect radiation in connection with the plenum system of ventilation. Cold air is taken in through an air-shaft which reaches above the clock-tower, and is made a feature of it. It is drawn down by means of electric fans located in a vault under the eastern part of the building, where it is drawn over steam coils and forced into the rooms near the ceiling-line under a pressure in excess of the atmospheric pressure on the outside. Auxiliary exhaust fans draw the foul air out of the rooms near the floor-line, so that a constant change of air is maintained.

It is interesting to note how many countries have contributed to the construction of this building. The mosaic floor of the ladies' room is of Belgian manufacture. The interlocking floor tile in the rotunda and dining-room comes from England. Germany furnishes the plain floor tile used in the basement and the enamelled tile wainscot in the ladies' room. In marbles, there have been used Numidian from Africa, Siena and white marbles from Italy, Vert Campagne marble from France and the Alps, green marble from Switzerland.

Between the head house and the tracks stretches a promenade, 55 feet wide, that runs along the entire length of the building, 606 feet, with exits at each end. Covered with a roofing of glass and iron, and paved wholly with granitoid, the "Midway," as it is called, makes a neat and ample vestibule to the train-shed proper. The latter is an immense structure, built almost wholly of iron and glass, that covers in a single span of 606 feet the enormous area of 424,200 square feet. It embraces 30 parallel tracks, whose total length under roof amounts to almost four miles. Along the western end of the train-shed lies the two-storied baggage-house and the post-office building, by means of which the handling of city mails is greatly expedited.

At the southern extremity of the Union Station yard, and about one-third of a mile distant from the head house, stands an inconspicuous building, but one which occupies a very important position in this terminal station. This is the power-house, in which are located the boilers and engines necessary for furnishing light and heat for the passenger station, light for the yards, and the motive power for operating the switches and signals which control the movement of trains into and out of the station.

The power-house is a rectangular brick building 134 feet long by 65 feet wide, consisting of a central compartment and two wings. In the western wing is placed a battery of four boilers, of 220 horse-power each, which supply steam for the engines and for heating purposes. This boiler-room is connected with the head house by a system of steam-pipes laid in a conduit by means of which the station building and offices can be heated either by steam direct from the boilers, or by the exhaust steam from the engines. The central compartment is filled with the necessary pumps, condensers, and heaters.

The engine room, occupying the east wing of the power-house, contains two air-compressors used for supplying compressed air for the interlocking switch and signal system, and three dynamo-electric machines, one of 200 horse-power and two of 90 horse-power, that furnish a current for the 300 arc-lights and 5000 incandescent lamps used in the station.

In order to insure the greatest degree of safety to trains entering or leaving the Union Station, the passenger tracks have been protected by a thorough system of interlocked switches and signals. In all systems of interlocking the levers which operate the switches and signals are grouped together in a cabin or tower, and, by means of suitable mechanism, are so interlocked that, while permitting the movement of trains on tracks which do not conflict, it is impossible for an operator, through negligence, to permit any movement which might result in collision.

The switches and signals are operated by the electro-pneumatic system, by which an electric current operates the valves that admit the compressed air to the switch and signal cylinder. The switch and signal levers are grouped in a long room built upon the roof of the power-house, whence there is an unobstructed view of the tracks. Along the centre line of this room stands a frame or table, on the front of which are placed the levers, 131 in number, operating 130 switches and 103 signals. The movement of all switches on the grounds is reproduced on a fac-simile model of the yard, which stands before the leverman at the interlocking-table. By this means the leverman has a positive indication that the switches are in proper position.

The far-reaching importance of the new station can best be realized by a quotation from President Taussig's address at the opening ceremonies: "There is in the country no city of the size of St. Louis that has all its railroads (here twenty-two in number) pouring out their entire passenger traffic at one common point, and there is no station in the country where the traffic has such distinctive features as this. It is cosmopolitan in its very essence. Passengers from every portion of the globe, speaking the language of every nation of the globe, come and go here. It is the oasis and the resting-place in the midst of a transcontinental journey." A station like this is a small world. The opening of this great structure marks an epoch in the history of the railroad in America.

AROUND SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

The Presidio of San Francisco, the largest military post on the harbor, is inseparably connected with the early history of Yerba Buena, as the metropolis of the West was originally designated. On the southern portion of one of the large squares a low adobe building still stands, a relic of the Spanish occupation.

The Presidio, in addition to its military character, is now a spacious sea-side park, with extensive walks and drives, from which a noble view of the ocean and in clear weather of the Farallon rocks, only thirty miles away, may be obtained. It is open to the public, and, with few restrictions, is as much the property of the city as Golden Gate Park.

The brick fort which stands on the southern shore of the Golden Gate was, before the invention of modern cannon, considered a formidable protection to the harbor. Now, though not a ruin, it is abandoned, and a line of earth-works on the heights above it has taken its place as a warden of the Gate. The fort is built on the old model of Vauban, with bastions, sally-port, etc., and is still profusely garnished with cannon of the smooth-bore type, but so rusty and neglected that to fire them would be more dangerous to the cannoneers than to an enemy. This locality is now a hospital for discarded ordnance. The light-house on the fort is the only service the brick pile now renders.

Point Bonita, to the north, on the Marin County shore, a bold rugged headland with a light-house on the narrow spur that juts picturesquely seaward, is the most familiar landmark to mariners entering the port of San Francisco. The scenery in its vicinity is rugged and impressive. The iron rocks that fringe the base of this cliff make a landing, unless in the very calmest weather, impossible, and even on the mildest day it is not unattended with risk. It receives the full force of the immense body of water rushing through the narrow Golden Gate, which every days ebbs and flows in the spacious harbor of San Francisco and its tributary bays. It was on these rocks that the Pacific Mail steamship *City of New York* struck in a dense fog while working out to sea. There are sixty fathoms of water alongside the cliff where the big ship struck, and had she not fortunately wedged herself on the rocks, the loss of life would have been fearful. All efforts to get her free were futile, and after spending thousands of dollars to float her, the Mail Company reluctantly abandoned her to the breakers and westerly gales.

Marin County is termed the Switzerland of California. Its loftiest mountain is Tamalpais, which, 2800 feet high, towers over the ocean. The sides of this fine mountain are covered with oak and laurel, and its deep cañons are the habitat of abundance of deer. Even a bear is occasionally found prowling on the mountain, and wild-cat, foxes, raccoons, and mountain-lions defy extermination. The ascent of Tamalpais was once considered a laborious feat, but now a winding and well-graded road, leading from base to summit, renders it accessible to vehicles.

Sausalito, on the eastern shore of Richardson's Bay, one of the many subdivisions of the harbor, is a village on a hill side, the residential part of which is composed of every conceivable type of villa architecture. The evergreen oaks, of which there is a luxurious growth, make a delightful background for those handsome houses. Besides being the yacht rendezvous, Sausalito is the Marin County terminus of the North Pacific Coast Railroad.

Facing Sausalito, to the east, is the island of Belvedere, and its competitor as a sea-side place for the summer homes of San Francisco's citizens.

Alcatraz is the most important fortification in San Francisco Harbor. Originally of a conical formation, the big rock has been levelled off in platforms, on which nine-inch guns are mounted, and the brick citadel alone remains of the early work. As the military prison of the coast, it has long been found serviceable.

Dan O'Connell.

THE OLD PLACE.

Only a turfy hollow, a moss-grown stone, and a brier,
A wandering wantoning brier where the door-stone used to be,
A wide and a lonely field where the hawkweed runs like fire,
The skimming wing of the swallow, and a wind that blows from the sea.

Once round a slender steeple fluttered that airy wing;
Here stood the preacher, his lifted eye ablaze with the heaven's blue;
There were the singing-seats where my darling rose to sing—
Your ears, O happy people that heard her, heard angels too!

Hither I came through the clover while the bell tolled over the wood,
The wood where we two had lingered in purple shadow and hush,
Hearing a bird's song tolling the sorrow of solitude,
And she sang the sweet song over—sweeter she sang than the thrush.

When we all turned us duly, as the old hymn left her lips,
And proud and pallid with passion she saw me in my place,
Worshipping her, and her only—that petal the wild bee nips—
Is it the rose leaf truly or the flush that fled over her face?

Strange and sweet are your flashes, O summers lost and gone!
In what far land do you treasure the thrills you stole from me?
See, the old beam is lightwood; the snake slips under the stone;
There is nothing but dust and ashes, and the wind that blows from the sea!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE CHINESE NAVY.

China has long recognized the necessity of a navy, and her fleet of war-junks was, before the introduction of European-built ships of war, very extensive, but her experience in the "opium war" with Great Britain led her to suspect that possibly these vessels of venerable design were not all that she imagined them to be; but events move slowly in China, and twenty-five years elapsed before that suspicion became a certainty and she could bring herself to believe that her war-junks were worthless.

In 1867 and 1868 some gunboats were built for her in England, and a few in her own ports, but they were all small, and it was not until 1872 that a 3400-ton wooden frigate, constructed by Chinese labor under foreign direction, was launched at Shanghai. Since then a number of composite and one steel vessel have been turned out by the Chinese dock-yards, the three largest of them being of 2500 tons displacement, the balance of less than 1800 tons; so that to-day her really effective ships, viz., five armored, four protected, and thirteen partially protected vessels, were furnished by European ship-yards.

On January 1, 1886, the ships of war, which up to that time had been attached to provinces, under the orders of the viceroys, were, by imperial decree, merged into a national navy, and under the direction of a naval board of control, established at Peking.

At last accounts there was no fixed limit to the officers and men, the number being regulated by the requirements of the service.

There are two naval academies, one at Foochoo, the other at Tien-Tsin. The entering age of the candidates is from thirteen to twenty years, and the course extends over five years. It embraces the study of English and the regular scientific studies pertaining to the naval profession. The cadets then go to sea for a further three years, and after a final examination become officers. In addition to the two academies there are schools of navigation, of marine engineering, and for torpedo instruction, at Tien-Tsin.

Dock-yards have been established at Shanghai, Canton, Foochoo, Takoo, and Port Arthur, and arsenals at Foochoo and Tien-Tsin.

The officers and men afloat dress in a costume which is a compromise between the foreign and their own, and in the middle of the back is the name of the ship, blue letters in a white oval. The diet is better and more nourishing than their countrymen ashore receive, and it produces men physically well fitted for their work.

The test of all this new system will come in the present war, for it will be the first time that the men will have fought under educated native officers, and it will show how much of all this scheme is real, or whether China is to add one more to the long list of her defeats.

Eustace B. Rogers, U. S. Navy.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

"VAIN-LONGING."

THE reception was held in a flat half-way up a bleak stone staircase in the West Central District. He was so agitated that he forgot to note the hat-rack, and his first glance at the company appalled him with the sense of a cosmopolitan chaos, without form and void, over which no light of Mrs. Wyndwood brooded. There were mystic oil-paintings on the walls of the narrow room, and on the gray marble mantel-piece stood a glass of water in which floated vaguely the white of an egg.

The host introduced him to his wife—a tall, haggard, giraffe-necked woman—who gave him a cup of tea and passed him on to a nervously peering Herr Grundau, who spoke to him of the revival of religion among the university *Burschen*, and passed him on to Mademoiselle Brinskaïa, a little yellow Polish woman, with eyes like live coals, who had been speaking every European language in turn with equal fluency as she knitted colored wools into some occult pattern.

"I have heard your name," she told him in English that sounded almost native, as he seated himself next to her in the cushioned window-seat.

"It is so good of you to say so," he murmured, automatically, not without the astonishment which from the first had pervaded him when strangers professed knowledge of him, and which had never quite worn off. He thought his peculiar name accounted for his notoriety.

"You're not a spiritual artist?" she said, half-interrogatively.

"An artist can only be artistic," he replied, in vague self-defence.

"That's all my eye and Betty Martin," said mademoiselle, knitting indefatigably. Then she smiled. "You see I know your idioms."

A gradual silence fell among ~~the jabbering~~, gesticulating crowd. All eyes were directed alternately towards the glass on the mantel-piece and Mademoiselle Brinskaïa.

"It is settled," Dolkovitch declared.

The Polish old maid rose solemnly, marched towards the fireplace, and inspected the glass curiously, noting the shape which the egg-white had taken.

"It is a *porte cochère*," she announced. "That means riches."

There was a buzz of satisfaction and a little hand-clapping, the blinking octogenarian who had broken the egg being cheerfully complimented on his prospects.

The sibyl did not return to Matthew Strang's side, and the vacant niche was taken by a stout, elderly, motherly lady, who was introduced to him as the Countess de Villiers, and who, regardless of the fact that his eyes perpetually wandered towards the door, was exceedingly interested in her autobiography, from her babyhood in Brazil to her maturity in Gibraltar. There could be no close to her story, she volunteered, for she could never die.

This drew Matt's attention even from the door.

"Do you mean metaphorically?" he said.

"No; literally. You could not kill me if you tried."

"What! Not with a knife?"

"Neither with fire nor sword."

"You know I wouldn't try," he said.

"If you are going to treat me facetiously I will not pursue the subject," she declared, the red blood mantling in her sallow cheek.

"I am quite serious," he said, deprecatingly.

"A woman who can live without eating cannot die," pursued the Countess, mollified. "I was an invalid, and in my convalescence gradually worked my way to the Truth, and by means of it I have lived fourteen weeks without food. I worked down from five ounces a day to nothing, dropping an ounce a day. And I didn't lose a pound of flesh."

"I have fasted too," he said, grimly. "But I never found any Truth through it." He reflected bitterly on the anxious competitions of people to give him food, now that he had plenty of his own. Was this the London in which he had wandered with broken boots, famished and rebellious?

"You must be patient," she answered, earnestly. "You must kill the man in you; then you will have got rid of the mortal part. You will be pure spirit, part of God. Existence is only God's thoughts; everything good is a God-idea, everything evil a man-idea. Jesus was the first discoverer of the Truth; and only the man-idea in him was crucified, the mortal part. Only the evil part of us is mortal. I have suppressed the man-idea in myself, therefore I cannot die."

"But do you mean to say you will always live on?"

"Yes, though not necessarily on earth."

"But what will happen—will you disappear?"

She frowned. "Oh, I know you are making fun of me; but I assure you many eminent men have sat at my feet. Even Dolkovitch says I have a greater grip of the Truth—the glorious Truth of immortality—than any other woman in Europe except Mademoiselle Brinskaïa and the clairvoyant Princess Stevanovna. There is nothing miraculous. I don't keep away from society. I dance and paint, but throughout all I am struggling against the bad—self."

"What sort of things do you paint?" he asked, feeling for firmer ground.

"My vision!" she said, in rapt tones. "My assurance that the universe is all living spirit."

And all of a sudden a conviction that she was right, that there was no death, no room for death, flooded his soul. Eleanor Wyndwood had arrived, and in the light of her face the noisy motley throng took meaning and music. He rose eagerly, but she did not see him in his niche, and he sat down again awkwardly. The Countess talked on, but he had forgotten even to feign the listener. He could only see the gleam of a creamy dress in rifts of the crowd, which thickened momently. Presently he was aware of Miss Regan, who gave him an abrupt bow, and then crossing over to him, said, in vexed accents:

"I am very angry with you. How are you, Countess? Young as ever, I see."

"What have I done?" inquired Matthew Strang.

"You've spoiled my hat-rack. There's a chimney-pot on it. Life has so few pleasures one can't afford to be robbed."

"Oh, please forgive me," he said, half-seriously.

"I sha'n't—you're too respectable."

"Tell me something bohemian and I'll do it," he pleaded.

"Well, come to tea with me some five o'clock—with me and Nor, that is."

"Is that very bohemian?"

"No, I'm afraid not," said Olive, glumly. Then, brightening up, "But that's only a beginning. And you haven't got time to come, either."

"I shall be delighted to find time," he said, looking his words. While they were discussing dates the Countess rose and stalked away.

"She looks offended," he said.

"Poor old Countess!" said Olive; "she's breaking up fast."

"But she's going to live forever."

"I know. How sad! We came across her at Rome—the Eternal lady in the Eternal city. She's much grayer since then. Earthly immortality seems almost as horrible as heavenly. Fancy living for ever and ever and ever. No rest for the righteous. Oh, I do hope religion isn't true. How's your friend?"

"Which friend?"

"The brutal friend."

"You're a queer girl," he said, laughing in spite of himself.

"That's tautology. All girls are queer. Did you ever know a woman absolutely sane?"

He winced a little—shadows of his mother and his wife flashed past. She answered herself triumphantly:

"Of course not. We've all got bees in our bonnets. Men haven't even got bonnets. Except Highlanders. And they don't wear the breeches. I beg pardon, I should have said 'unmentionables,' to a member of the chimney-potted classes. But that always seems silly. It's like spelling 'damn' in books with a 'd' and a blank. I have a lovely private swear. Would you like to hear it?"

He laughed assent.

"*Damakakaparatanasuta!* The pink lady who always forgets her bodice is looking shocked. She doesn't know it's Sanscrit, or something, and means, 'The foundation of the kingdom of righteousness.' Don't laugh, it really does. There is a cousin of the Guicowar of Baroda over there—you can ask him. Why, I have even got Nor to swear it. It's like temperance champagne."

"Ah! I'd better go over to her," he said, snapping at the opportunity. "Or else she'll accuse me of cutting her again."

He pushed a whit rudely through the teacup-balancing throng. But to his horror he found Eleanor distributing farewells.

She smiled faintly at him as her magnetic fingers touched his for a moment.

"What wicked things have you been saying to Mademoiselle Brinskaïa?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "I've hardly said a word to her."

She shook her head and passed towards the door. He spent some wretched days, wondering if he had offended her, and what the little yellow woman had been saying about him. He put the question as soon as he was seated at the tea table in the dainty drawing-room of the tiny Mayfair house which the oddly assorted couple had taken for the season. Mrs. Wyndwood would not say, but Miss Regan cried out:

"Don't make such a mystery, Nor. You'll make the man think he's accused of murder, or drinking his tea out of a saucer. The Polish priestess says she doesn't like your auras—*voilà tout!*"

"What are auras?" he asked, relieved and puzzled.

"The Latin for airs, of course," laughed Olive. "It's her mystical way of saying you give yourself airs. Yes, you do. You're disapproving of our furniture now. But it's through Nor objecting to furniture that suited my complexion, and *vice versa*. We compromised by getting furniture in discord with both our complexions. The beautiful photos you see all about you are mine—I mean my collection. They are actresses. I adore beautiful women. After what you told me about the unimportance of the likeness I shall consider them works of art. I have always thought that actresses' photographs are intended as a protection against the curiosity of the public. But for them actresses would be liable to be recognized and mobbed in the streets. Great heavens! I've forgotten the scones." And with this unexpected exclamation, Olive rushed out of the room.

"She would insist on baking scones herself," Mrs. Wyndwood explained, with an affectionate smile.

"She is deliciously odd," he replied, laughing.

"Do you find her so? I've got used to her. There's a monotony in variety. Behind it all I see always this one fact—she's the noblest creature in the world."

He was touched by the enthusiastic tribute, so different from Olive's amused estimate of her friend.

"You must find it very pleasant to live with her," he said.

"Yes, especially after—" But she shuddered, and did not complete the sentence. He read in her face the tragedy of an unhappy marriage. His eyes grew moist with pity; he felt a mad, fighting passion against the inevitable past.

"Olive is so good," she said, brokenly; "she was of his family—an Irish branch—but she quarrelled with them all, her father, her sisters, and came to live with me. Fortunately she is immensely rich in her own right, and independent of them all."

"Done to a turn!" cried Miss Regan, rushing in with the scones. "And I feared I was King Alfred!"

At tea they talked Art.

It was an exquisite sensation to have these charming ladies treat him as Sir Oracle. He was surprised to learn that in her girlhood Miss Regan had displayed considerable talent for sculpture, but had "washed her hands of the clay" on seeing the torso of Victory in the Louvre. He remonstrated with her, insisting that technical skill came slowly, with infinite labor. There were things he himself wanted to do—all sorts of new things that he had never yet done. One day he would try to do them—when he had time. Mrs. Wyndwood spoke contemptuously of technical skill in comparison with soul, but here Olive took up the cudgels for craftsmanship, and led the rather reluctant painter into an eloquent exposition of the rapture of technical mastery; of doing what you would with your material. Mrs. Wyndwood at last caught the fire of his enthusiasm, and astonished him by expressing his sense of the joy of Art better than himself. Under the passion of her words he wondered that he could ever have wasted his time on portraits for mere money, or on scamped pictures for exhibitions, when all these interesting problems were waiting to be wrought out. Ah, but Miss Regan was wrong, he felt, in thinking these problems the be-all and end-all of Art; it was soul that was the essence of Art; Art had no *raison d'être* except as the expression of soul, of the upward aspiration of the Spirit towards the Good and the Beautiful and the True—a trinity that was mysteriously one.

CHAPTER XXI.

FERMENT.

THE sands of the season were running out, but Matthew Strang sifted them for every grain of the gold of the meetings with Eleanor Wyndwood. He was shy of formal visits to the house; he did not venture on the conventional course of asking her to sit to him, for he would not consciously feed the flame of a passion that must be hopeless. But with that curious illogicality which distinguishes man from the brute he called in accident to arrange their rendezvous, pursuing possibility with a perseverance that made it probability.

He could not follow Eleanor to all her fashionable fastnesses as easily as to the shrines of spirituality, for to be born well is still a necessity of life in some circles; but they met often enough amid the vapid monotonous glitter which was the woman's birthright and second nature to the man. His eye perpetually sought her—in chattering drawing-rooms, in cool gardens, on congested staircases, in whirling ballrooms—finding every place dark and empty till she filled and illumined the scene. Each time he saw her he resolved never to see her again; he could never tell her what was in his heart, never insult her exquisite purity with the avowal of his love, even though that love were clarified to unimagined spirituality by her stainless radiance of soul. And each time the possibility of seeing her drew nigh he told himself that he needed her for his art, that she was drawing him up from the slough of banality, that now for the first time his soul was opening out to the appeal of the higher beauty. Not that he had as yet begun to express the higher beauty; he had simply abandoned the old. He was too restless to work, to concentrate himself; he flitted betwixt the unfinished and the projected, painting in and painting out; he took long rides in the middle of the day, to the amazement of his faithful body-servant; he read emotional literature. Once an unconscious hostess gave him Eleanor's company at dinner. It was an enchanted meal. They talked of poetry, and he seemed to be dining off poetry too. The wines were special brands of nectar, laid down by the gods in the golden age; the meats were ambrosia; the sweets, honey-dew. A beauty as of Hebe transfigured the faces of the neat-handed waiting-men. It seemed only natural that the beautiful stately creature at his side should overflow with quotations from religious poetry—was she not herself a religious poem? His recent feverish readings had branded lines on his own heart; he was able to answer her in lyric antiphony. His other neighbor he simply forgot, though she was a bishop's consort and a patroness of the arts, with printed views on the genuineness of Old Masters.

After the ladies had retired, the gentlemen talked about a newly invented torpedo, the finances of India, and the prospects of the Conservatives; the conversation sounded almost indecent, and he was glad Eleanor was not there to hear it. He took no part in the fatuous discussion, contenting himself with watching Eleanor's face amid the wreaths of his cigar smoke; even in the flesh the face had for him something of this vaporous, elusive incorporeality.

In the drawing-room her *alter ego*, Miss Regan, claimed his attention; Eleanor was playing Mendelssohn, and he would have liked to listen, but Olive was less original.

"You have never honored our five-o'clocks again," she said, reproachfully.

He murmured that he was busy.

"That was the charm of your coming," she reminded him. "One had the sensation of beguiling you to play truant. But I suppose the tea was bad. Nor would make it."

"The tea was beautiful," he said, smiling. "But aren't we disturbing the music?"

"On the contrary. Eleanor is giving us *Lieder ohne Worte*, and we have to supply the words. Then it must have been the scones."

He shook his head and pursed his lips, and the music flowed on like a lovely moonlit stream. He was drifting on the stream with Eleanor as in those far-off days of young romance he had dreamed of lovers drifting. A mystic silver haze was shed from the moon that sailed softly through the lambent starry sky, the whisper of the wind among the trees and the quiet lapping of water making a dulcet stillness that was punctuated by the passionate "jug, jug" of the nightingale; mysterious palaces of night glided along the banks behind dim gardens wafting drowsy odors. The thought shook him that the world held such lovers—lovers who were not brought together for a moment and hurled apart in the accidental whirl of society atoms; lovers whose lips were not eternally sundered, but who were each other's sunshine and moonlight and music, daily, nightly, perennially. He alone was doomed to eternal loneliness, nay, to that aggravated form of loneliness which is shared with a lifelong partner.

"I came across your cynical friend the other day."

He started, becoming conscious that his eyes were full of sweet, hopeless tears.

"Indeed," he murmured, automatically.

"Yes, the cousin you told me of."

"Did I tell you of him?"

"Don't you remember you told me he said all women are in the same trade? Well, he is veritably a cynic of cynics; for he candidly informed me, after I had been bantering and mystifying him with my foreknowledge of him, that he had simply quoted Schopenhauer."

"Where did you meet him?" he asked, a little interested.

"At the Dudley-Heatons' reception a fortnight ago. The under-secretary's wife, you know. I call him the Minister of the Interior, he's such an epicure—the politician, I mean, not your cousin. There was Lord Fashborough there, who's just been appointed President of the Cruelty to Children Commission, and who glittered with stars and orders like a comic-opera Begum. He it was introduced him—at my request, of course. Your cousin told me the Begum and he had travelled together in Spain, when the Begum's appetite for bull-fights and cock-fights was insatiable. I have never been in Spain, and two of my favorite illusions were destroyed at one fell blow. It seems that they simply push reluctant, decrepit old horses on to the horns of the bulls. And then the Spanish women—your cousin describes them as ugly and unwashed."

He shuddered: why would Miss Regan perversely obtrude the prose of life on his consciousness? He would not answer

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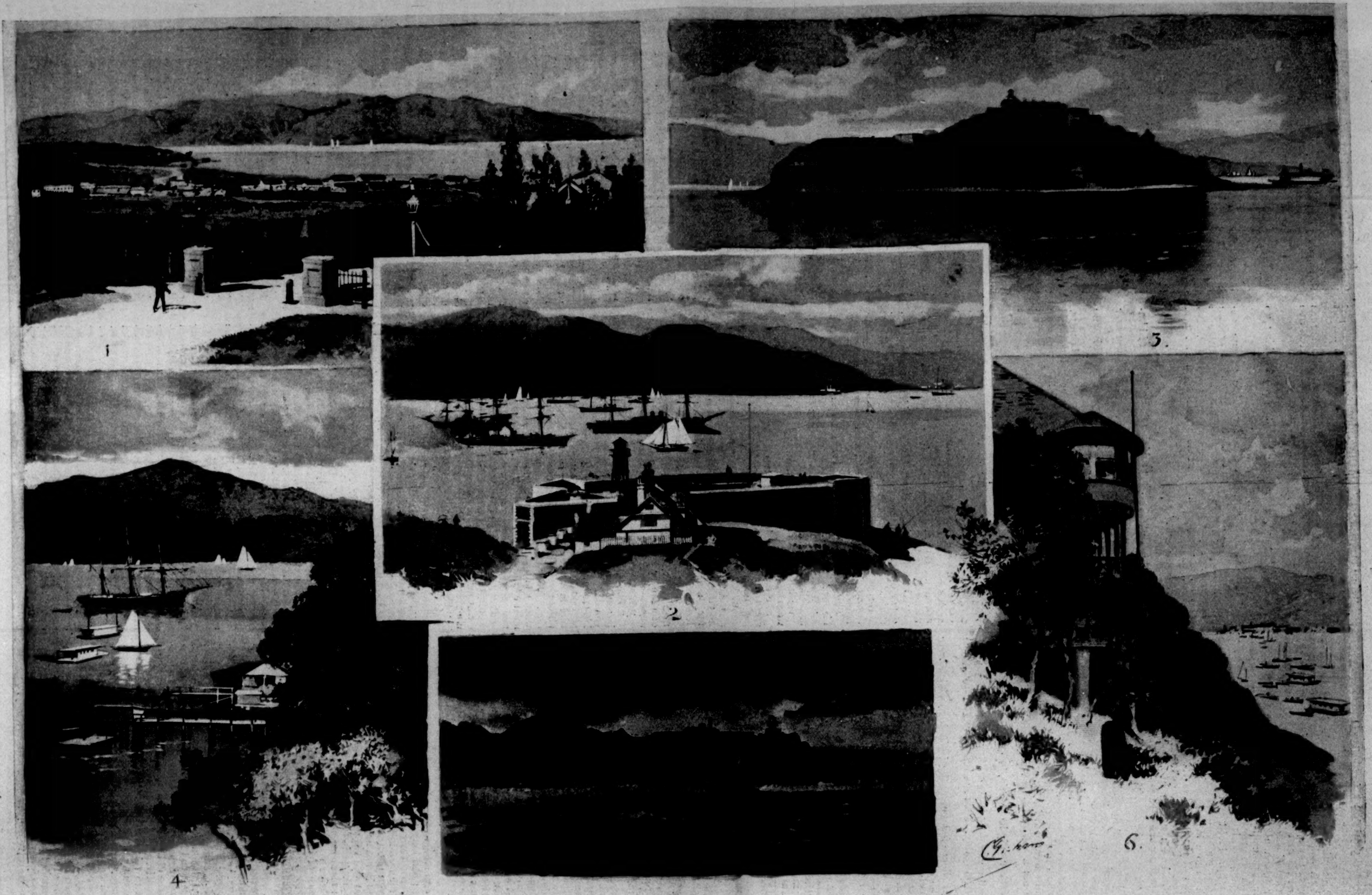
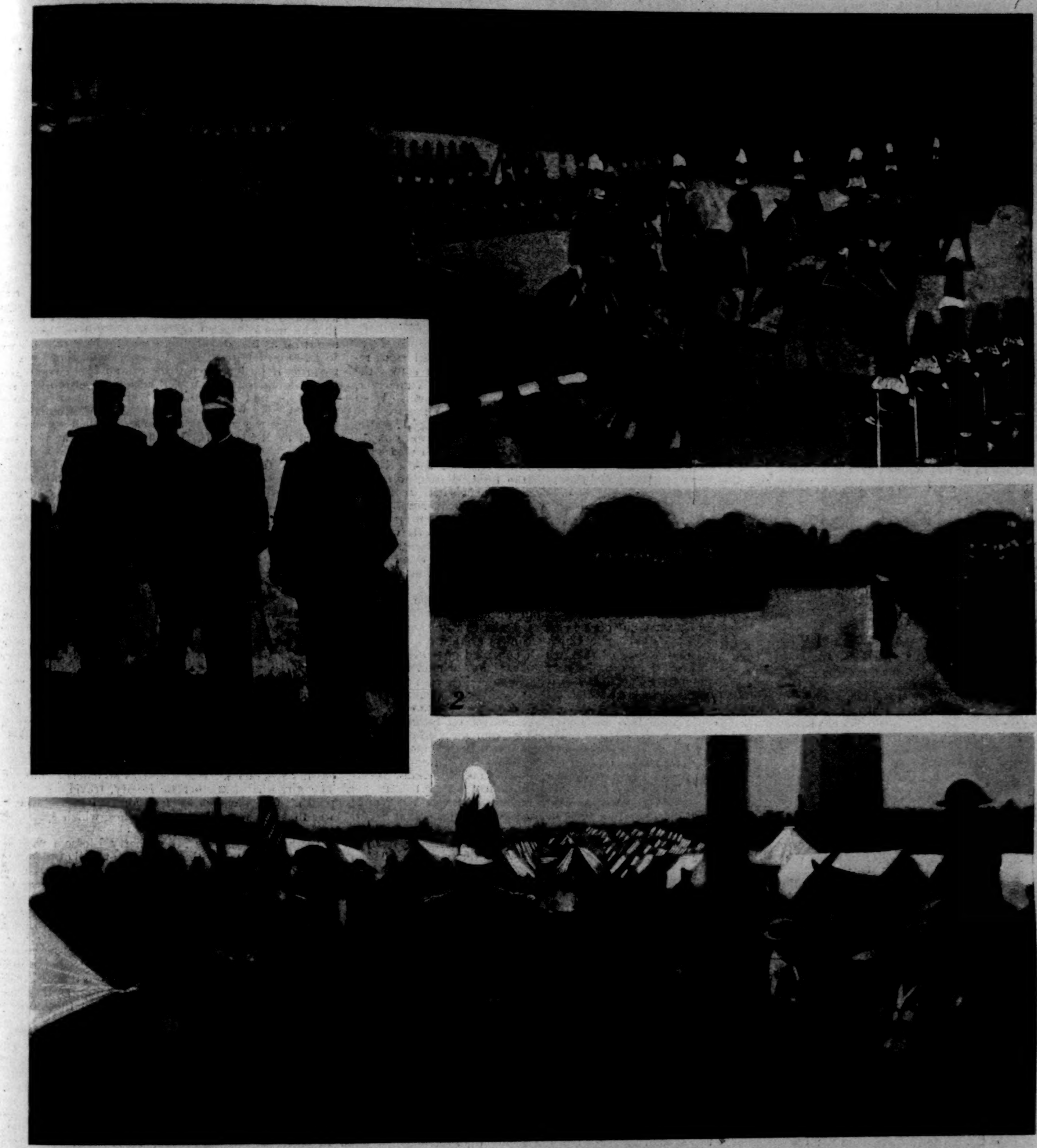


AROUND SAN FRANCISCO BAY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 870.]

1. The Presidio. 2. View of the Bay from Fort Point. 3. Alcatraz Island. 4 Angel Island from Belvedere. 5. Point Bonita. 6. A Bit of Belvedere Island.



THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[See Page 879.]

1. President Cleveland reviewing Procession in front of the White House. 2. Grand Review and Inspection by Major-General Carnahan. 3. Some Regimental and Staff Officers. 4. The Camp around the Washington Monument. 5. The Parade passing the War Department.—From a Photograph by Leet.

her—he tried to drift again with the magic stream, but the spell was broken. He knew it was Eleanor's music that made the pictures, and that the odors came from the flowers at Olive's throat.

"He is going to paint Nor's portrait," she went on, indifferently.

He had to answer her now—in a stifled interrogative, making a sudden sharp agony and foreboding.

"What, Herbert?"

"Yes; he asked her to give him some sittings."

"Who introduced him to her?"

"I did, of course."

"But it's rather hasty, isn't it?"

"Oh, it wasn't the first time. We met him again at the Russian Embassy."

"And how does Mrs. Wyndwood know he can paint?"

Olive laughed quietly. "Oh, he said so. He usually tells the truth, I fancy. But he *is* an artist, isn't he?"

"He was a Gold-Medallist of the Royal Academy," he answered, with unaccustomed bitterness. A mad envy was consuming him. Why had he not asked Mrs. Wyndwood to sit to him, seeing that her consent was so facile? Was he always to stand by while the best of life was seized and carried off by the bolder, the more reckless, nay, by the more unworthy? The remembrance that Herbert had the right and he had not did not dilute his bitterness, though it brought a hot flush to his cheek. Who was he to see profanation in the juxtaposition of Eleanor with a man like Herbert, whom, however ignoble his conception of womanhood, he had always found lovable?

"Aren't you friends?" she asked, divining alienation in his tone.

He felt remorseful. "Oh, we are great friends," he answered, with cordial warmth. "He was very kind to me when I first came to London."

"He asked me to sit too," Olive pursued, satisfied.

Matthew Strang felt the tension in his brain relax. "And are you going to?"

"No. I hate flattery. So I sacrificed Nor instead. Of course I shall go and sit by her, though not with her. Curious, the subtleties of language."

"Then you will still chaperon her," he said, with a joyous smile.

"I never neglect a pleasant duty," she answered, placidly. "But we can only give him a few sittings—we're off to Devonshire."

"Are you indeed?" he asked, blankly.

"Yes; one must go somewhere. Nor wanted the eternal Switzerland, but I'm resolved to show her England. Like most travelled cockneys, she thinks England's the capital of London, and I want to teach her geography."

"She will enjoy Devonshire scenery."

"Yes, especially the Creamery. That's what I've christened the little God-forsaken village I discovered. So, you know, if you ever want a cup of tea we shall have five-o'clocks going on there also. Patronize the Creamery."

"I will," he said, with an instant resolution to take tea both in Mayfair and in Devonshire.

"That's right. We'll send a coach and four to meet you. At least, you'll find it waiting at the station for passengers. Do you know whom I should like to meet most of all men living?"

"Wagner? Victor Hugo? The Czar?"

"Don't be foolish. The Rev. Septimus Wheercastle. A local guide-book says, 'The Rev. Septimus Wheercastle speaks favorably of the Undercliff.' Isn't it delicious? Imagine a gentleman in a white tie patronizing an Undercliff! But then the clergy are always patronizing the Almighty, so why not His works?"

"Hush!" he said, indicating the proximity of the bishop.

"Isn't he beautiful?" she asked, in an awed whisper. "What a privilege never to be mistaken for a waiter! I am so proud of the bishops in my family—we have a pair, with gaiters to match, both High-Church atheists—they are the joys of my life, they and the Dowager Duchess, who wears kiss-curls and raves for blood. 'Give me blood!' she cries, as she denounces modern society, stabbing her potato with her fork, *à la* Sarah Siddons."

To Matthew Strang, who still had a vague reverence for duchesses, it was troubling to see them through the eyes of relatives, for whom they were common clay. But this had always been his disappointment the further he penetrated into the arcana of aristocracy and into the ranks of the distinguished—nobody ever seemed quite so imposing as his or her name in the paper. Taken in the mass, aristocracy of birth or brain was dazzling, overwhelming; but the individual was always amiably imperfect, with the exception, of course, of the one perfect being in the universe, Eleanor Wyndwood.

"You don't think much of your family, Miss Regan," he said, smiling.

"No; and they return the compliment. They don't realize how near doomsday is for us aristocrats. We must disappear. We have played our part."

"What part?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose the upper classes, the people of leisure, existed to evolve culture. That can now be grafted on to the artisan, and both the upper and the lower classes can disappear. We want the amalgam now; culture without its vices, and work without its vulgarity."

"Shall we ever get what we want?"

She smiled with ineffable sadness and weariness. "I sometimes think that that makes life worth living. That and bishops. This is the only world in which bishops could happen. There is some consolation, too, in Royal Drawing-room and Kangaroos. Do you think there is any other planet in which ladies walk backwards? I wonder. When one feels weary of the burden of existence, one thinks of the humor of creation and stays on. It is a delicious world."

"Do you mean that you enjoy the imperfections of life?"

"I don't know what I mean. I hate to see ill-fed people, and I hate to see well-fed people. Unhappy people pain me, and happy people irritate me. What do I mean? Oh, I think I see it at last. It is the unintelligent people that I hate to see unhappy, and the intelligent people that I hate to see happy. People who have brains and are happy can't have souls. The fools ought to have creature comforts, because they are fools enough to value them before all else. How I envy my maid's capacity for envying me! Thank you, Mr. Strang; you have enabled me to understand myself."

The music stopped, but the player was at once monopolized by the bishop. Fragments of their conversation reached the ears of the couple.

"She's trying to convert him to Christianity," Olive observed, gravely. "Didn't I tell you she was the most unpractical creature? She's always leading forlorn hopes."

"How is Herbert, my cousin, painting her?" he asked.

"Oh, he's only had one sitting. She's to be done *à l'ordinaire;* but she had her hair dressed specially—such a waste of time—and was manicured, and the man took as long manicuring her as if she had been Briareus."

"I mean, what will she wear?"

"Oh, a sentimental expression—the sort of look you see in a girl's face when she's sitting on the stairs with her hand in a man's." A shudder traversed her shoulders, crinkling the blue bodice that covered them. "For the rest, she will be clothed in one of those creamy low-necked gowns that become her so well."

Before the evening was over Olive was induced to sing. Matthew Strang was startled to find her choosing a love-song, and he was as astonished by the passionate intensity of her vocalization as by the beauty of her rich contralto voice.

"*Ninon, Ninon,*" she sang, "*que fais tu sans l'amour?*" And the notes melted exquisitely in pity. The tears returned to his eyes. It was his tragedy; it was Eleanor's tragedy; it was everybody's tragedy. "*Ninon, Ninon, que fais tu sans l'amour?*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOING TO THE WAR IN ASIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THAT was a very remarkable train and a still more remarkable train-load of passengers that rolled across the continent during last week and fetched up at Vancouver, British Columbia, on August 26th, in the afternoon. What is said of Singapore and of Charing Cross might as truly be said of that train—that there every one met every one else, and all the world came together. Nearly all were hurrying to the war between China and Japan; or if not literally to the war, they were bound to the scene of it—to Korea, Japan, and China. First, in the forward cars, were 350 Chinamen; and last, in the hindmost palace-car, was a little band of Japanese military men and some mercantile and professional fellow-countrymen of theirs. In between, as if to keep the peace between the two hostile bands, were all sorts of travellers—diplomats, missionaries, Oriental merchants, women, hunters, tourists, and many other sorts, from as far away as Australia and as near by as London, Paris, and New York.

The train itself was one of the heaviest that the Canadian Pacific Railway ever sent out of Montreal. The trains which start out once in three weeks to catch the railway company's great new China steamers are always large, but not of the size of this, which consisted of ten cars at the start, grew to contain a dozen cars, and wound up at the edge of the Pacific Ocean with eleven. The start was made at nine o'clock on Monday night, August 20th, and the journey to the side of the steamship *Empress of Japan* was ended in time for luncheon in Vancouver on Sunday. The minority of the passengers were from the United States, and the majority came from Europe and elsewhere by way of New York or Montreal. Among the Europeans were many who had participated in the *Campania's* record breaking trip that ended two days before it was time to start for Montreal. Most conspicuous among these was Mr. Walter C. Hillier, her Britannic Majesty's consul-general at Seoul, the capital of Korea. He was to go to Seoul (which he pronounces "Sowl") from Yokohama on a British man-of-war—the only certain way of getting there. He had been at home in England with his family on a vacation, which the war had cruelly ended.

Conspicuous among the Englishmen who came by way of the Allan line of Canadian steamers was Canon Routledge, of Canterbury Cathedral, a great favorite on the train, who wore knickerbockers matching a light gray coat, and who was bound for a little farming village on the plains in the province of Alberta, where he has a niece and nephews, and where he expected a fortnight's shooting at prairie-chickens and pheasants and whatever might fly in front of him. He interested the Americans as being one who while at home entertains as many sight-seers from our country as any Englishman alive. He is spending a seven weeks' vacation by putting five weeks of it into rapid travel. In the same sleeper—the last one on the train—was a tremendous-bearded Englishman with a queer black cockade on the front of the band of his soft black hat, who proved to be a Church-of-England clergyman from Australia on the way to pay an enthusiastic visit to a son who is on the force of the Canadian Mounted Police, the cavalry of the Canadian plains—the same that we all saw a plenty of, with their pill-box caps on one ear, their red coats, their tight black breeches, and their impressive spurs strapped upon heavy cowhide boots. They and the Indians are the only very picturesque and chromatic objects to be seen during a thousand miles of travel over the bunch-grass meadow that makes up a third of Canada. But the old gentleman's talk was not of them. It dealt with Australian wonders—of woods that smell like violets, of woods whose trees shed their bark once a year, and of woods of blood-trees that spout blood when they are cut with an axe. Then there was a merry company of cumbrous young Englishmen bound for big game on the Pacific coast. I was the only American in the car during most of the journey, and though I weigh fourteen stone and four pounds (as they would say), I cut a modest figure among all the Englishmen, all big as grizzly-bears because of their thick loose woollen garments, and great baggy woollen caps, and shoes that a Broadway policeman would not despise. Every man among them—clergymen, diplomat, bankers, and all—smoked pipes the livelong journey.

In that same last sleeper were seven or eight Japanese homeward bound. They were ten times as interesting as the 350 Chinese. The newspapers everywhere we went said that they were military officers, but this was only partly true. Five were young soldiers, one was Mr. Takaki, a wholesale silk merchant from New York, and one was a mystery. All who were on the train believed the mystery to be a Japanese general, and a great personage he certainly was. The others treated him with great deference, but not all the Europeans together could extract from his fellow-countrymen a single word about who or what he was. To satisfy themselves the Europeans called him "the General," and gave up trying to find out more about him. The other Japanese were young men with the stature and build of boys, and with the faces of happy, well-groomed young men of great intelligence and remarkable indifference to the cost of being comfortable. Their presence and the study of them brought out some interesting reflections. For instance, Mr. Takaki, though under the prime of life, was older than Japanese civilization. He was a boy when Commodore Perry "came to Japan," as he expressed it, "and said, 'Here, wake up, wake up! you are sleeping past noon!'" Then again it was said that if the Chinese and the Japanese on our train should fall to fighting, one set against the other, we would see a parallel to the war now waging between their countries. The Japanese on the train were very intelligent, but they were very few in number. The Chinese were very dull and commonplace, but with their great numbers they could overpower the Japanese. So, it was feared, the warfare between the two countries would end.

A country that was stagnant in an Asiatic stupor only forty years ago must be made up of very sensitive, pliable material to be able to rank with the nations of Christendom already. That susceptible, pliable material exhibited its plastic quality before our eyes on this train. There was a lieutenant-colonel who had been studying military science in Paris. Lo! he was a full-fledged Parisian, a *boulevardier*, a typical Frenchman. The cut of his hair, the fashionable mustache, the little goatee, and every inch of his clothing, down to his dainty shoes—all were stamped "Paris," "Paris," "Paris." Paris was on the little green tobacco-pouch in which he carried the *caporal* tobacco, which he deftly rolled into Parisian cigarettes. Then there was another lieutenant-colonel from Berlin. He had gone into the German army as a private, had served his time, and then put in some years as an officer in the army. He was as red-brown as any Japanese, and had the queer eyes of his countrymen, and the coarse black hair, and all the rest. But he was a Prussian officer, and might be taken for one as far off as his soldierly figure could be seen. He wore a white-topped military cap with a blue band and peak. He stood as if he had been drilled in an iron collar. He had broad shoulders, thrown well back, no stomach to speak of, wide hips, and slender shapely legs squeezed into tight trousers. He was hall-marked "Berlin" from top to toe. Then there was a young Japanese who had been serving as consul to Mexico. He was dressed like the rest, but his clothes were loose, and his poses were languid and easy and tropical. He was as much a Mexican as if he had been born there—as much so as Mr. Takaki, the silk merchant, was a New-Yorker, and that is saying all that can be said.

The Japanese were very much liked from the first. They were interminably happy, always laughing, forever taking part with the whole train-load in whatever went on. Wherever the cars stopped they hopped out, and they investigated whatever they saw that was new to them. Together they talked Japanese; to others they spoke French, German, or English. With Consul-General Hillier (who, though a straight, handsome, young-looking man, has been twenty-six years in China and Korea) they talked some Chinese and much Japanese. At night, in the smoking compartment of the last car, they performed the most astonishing and skilful feats with matches and bits of string and pieces of paper. There seemed to be nothing that they could not do with either string or paper, and whatever they did was done faster than the Caucasian eye could follow their fingers. Somewhere north of Dakota, on one night, the Parisian Japanese lieutenant-colonel made three paper birds in full flight, and we hung them to the bell-cord and called them our mascots. In the next to the last coach was a Japanese girl—a little toy woman, weighing perhaps 75 pounds without her spectacles. She was with an elderly white woman. The girl was of aristocratic family, travelling for foreign polish. One melancholy fact about her was true. That was that she wore European clothes, which spoil the looks of Japanese women.

In the car with this Mlle. Cherry Blossom were several missionaries, some of them women, and all of them a bright-faced courageous band, well clad, travelling first class, and apparently well provided with the yellow dross of this world. Then, too—also in the first-class coaches—were merchants from England and Germany, returning to their business in China and Japan. If the black porters of the sleeping-cars can fairly be called Africans, every quarter of the globe had its representatives among the passengers. Even the red Indians were there, for at Medicine Hat some Crees came aboard, and at Gleichen the Blackfeet besieged the coaches, asking for money—begging, as the American and Canadian governments have trained those once proud people to do.

In the only colonist car that was not swarming with Chinamen sat some immigrants bent on settling in parts of wilder Canada. Some of the young men were well-dressed, well-looking young fellows, and some were young girls from Somersetshire and Yorkshire, who talked with strange burrs in their speech, but carried brave hearts in their breasts, and in their cheeks fresh English roses. Beyond them, nearer the engine, were the Chinamen, two tiers deep in each car—a barefooted, bareheaded, cotton-trousered crowd of round-faced brownies, smoking such little pipes with such large vigor that the smoke poured out of the fan-lights and the cracks around the windows as if their cars were on fire. They had oil-stoves and tea and coffee pots, and were forever cooking and eating whenever they were not smoking. At every station a lot of them bolted out of doors and separated into two groups—one set always clamoring for bread, and the other set, armed with tin pails, ceaselessly searching for lager-beer. It was noticeable, too, that whenever there was time for it, a great many went empty-handed to the bar-rooms and drank whiskey. Wherever the train stopped, the local laundrymen came down to it and visited the travellers, talking with them as if they were old friends, whereas their sole tie was that all were Cantonese. They were going—said one who knew them well—to take $200 to $300 in savings home to China, there to buy from five to ten acres of rice land, which would support them all their lives. Many would establish their parents on such land and return to make more money. Others would never leave China again. A few were going home to marry at the command of parents, who were growing old, and needed a son's wife to toil for them and to wait upon them. Every Chinaman of them all was numbered and photographed and ticketed, and under a bond of $50 not to run away from the train. It was interesting to see how at each station the railway men watched them, and how the conductor counted the monotonously uniform faces.

Each day the white men and the Japanese bought the country daily papers, eagerly to read the news of the war. Strangely interesting news it was to Consul-General Hillier, who read of the murder of the Japanese consul at Seoul; to the missionaries, who read of the murdering of their co-workers by mobs in China; to the merchants who were about to travel in China; and to the writer, last of all, who had the whole field before him. At Vancouver the great white steamship loomed beyond the town, which was all agog with gossip over the passengers she was to carry. For it seemed that, in addition to the miscellaneous assortment on the train of which I write, she was also to carry the princely brother of the Mikado, and Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, W. Baring Gould, and Mr. Frederick Villiers, the talented artist of the London *Black and White.*

MINISTERS OF GRACE.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

VI.

GRACE GAYLE had flung herself in the hot sand near Elizabeth.

"What made Mr. Wade go away the minute I came?" she asked. "Had you been saying something unkind to him, or did I simply queer a friendly talk by dropping down on you?"

She lay at length, listening to Elizabeth's word of reply.

"Well," said Bailey, presently, "I guess I'll travel, unless you're going in before long?"

Grace lifted herself on an elbow and commanded him to wait a minute. She was gazing thoughtfully out upon the waste of water, and turning a little hollow in the sand with one slim foot.

"I sha'n't stay in long to-day," she said. "It looks pretty heavy, that surf. How hard that man away out there is swimming! It must be a bet." She stared with keener interest, and as the others followed her gaze, she rose upon her knees for a better range.

A sudden commotion had arisen in the throng under the pavilion. A man's voice shouted excitedly, and a woman's scream shrilled out.

"An accident," decided Bailey. "Some one's got beyond his depth." He scrutinized the distance, and the remote figure swimming vigorously across the reach of sea. Elizabeth had risen also, and the three stood staring out.

"He won't reach him!" cried a young fellow hard by; "though he's a fine stroke—Wade is."

"Wade!" cried Gracie, wheeling. "Wade!—is that—"

"Selby Wade, the newspaper— Why, he stops at your hotel, Miss Gayle. The fellow that's sinking stops there too. I don't know his name. Big manners—a shaved face. I've noticed him rolling some old man in a chair."

Elizabeth Ruley had uttered a little gasping kind of cry. She swayed forward, and without seeming to see Bailey, caught at his arm to stay herself. Bailey himself was unaware of anything except that far-off struggle, and the action of the beach-guards.

"They've got the boat out!" he cried, as the pointed thing spun back and forth in the counter-currents like a red shuttle. Grace had hidden her face against one of the heavy posts supporting the pavilion.

"O Blessed Mary!" she kept muttering with dry lips. "O Holy Mother, save him—save them, I mean! Oh, be merciful! O Lord, help him! help him! 'I make promise of amendment'—oh, what's the rest of it?—'I make promise of amendment'—ah, yes!—'amendment, moved to great love and tender pity at sight of Thy five precious wounds.'"

Her voice was lost in the outcries about her. Men called loudly to each other and to the oarsmen. Women sobbed and covered their eyes.

"He's got hold of him!" rang out, as the struggling swimmer seemed to snatch at the shoulder of the drowning man. Then an appalled murmur arose.

"It's an underpull!"

"They're going out!"

"The boat! The boat! She won't make it."

"Faster, you fellows! They're sinking!"

The indefinite atom of humanity warring out there with the piled-up power of the ocean seemed indeed to give over the struggle. An oily sweep of sea poured round the spot where the men's heads had fitfully lifted. There was an instant's silent waiting for the reappearance of those dark flecks in the farther sea. Then a cry rang wildly up—"Lost! Lost!"

In this moment the hot grasp on Bailey's bare arm relaxed so suddenly as to recall him to a sense of the woman beside him. She was wheeling dizzily, with the motion of one about to fall, but still struggling with a waning consciousness. Her eyes were half shut; but the wonted fixity of her features was broken into an expression of such impassioned horror that, as Bailey, thrusting out a hand to steady the circling figure, observed the strange difference of her anguish-stricken face, his own eyes started wide.

"Ah!" he said, "where have your wits been, Bailey? You were not mistaken."

VII.

If there was anything at all coherent in Wade's mind, as he felt the sea pulling over him, it was a fierce sort of resentment that the little tossing boat should be so futilely near. A fraction of a moment meant life to him now—the merest fraction of a moment. And all the while the boat hovered round him like a hawk, and the weight on his shoulders dragged more and more inertly. The weight!—but for that weight of clinging, half-conscious manhood—A sudden fierce impulse, not in the least humane, but born of the desperation of stifling breath, darted through Wade's gasping senses. He gathered himself and wrenched free one arm, and with it struck blindly out and smote Graham between the shut eyes.

Instantly the man's grasp loosened. But with the vivifying sense of buoyancy which this relaxation gave to Wade rose an instinct of humanity only a degree less cogent than had been the feeling which prompted the blow. He laid lightly hold of the other's shoulder, and held him somehow or other afloat for the next second, till the hovering little craft fetched near enough for aid.

Even then it was hard enough to get Graham aboard. And after this was accomplished it seemed as if, after all, help had come too late; for the young preacher lay like a log in the boat, only gasping once or twice as they turned him. Before they made the shore, however, he began to fetch gurgling breaths, and Wade, observing him, decided that all would presently be well with Miss Ruley's lover.

For the first time his mind recurred keenly to Elizabeth. Sitting on the beach she had, of course, seen the whole matter of Graham's misadventure, and was, no doubt, still unaware that the rescuers had been in time to save him. Wade experienced a strong sentiment of gratitude at the sickening heave of Graham's broad chest. The young man was going to be deadly ill, without doubt, but at least he, Wade, would not have to break to Elizabeth the news of her lover's death.

When the boat nosed the sands and people pressed about with reaching hands and hot words of enthusiastic congratulation, Wade lapsed into rather a surly state, put about by the free expressions of approval lavished on what the beach multitudes elected to term his heroic deed. Waiving all this with disgusted embarrassment, the young man was nevertheless obliged to smile at the tearful incoherence with which Gracie Gayle rushed upon him and clasped his hands.

"And Graham?" she panted, as a sort of after-thought; "is he alive?"

"I should say so! He'll be all right presently. Does Miss Ruley know—" He paused, having just caught sight of her in a momentary breach of the crowd, leaning upon Bailey's arm and looking whiter than the foam at her feet. He hurried towards her.

"He's all right," he burst out, reassuringly—"Graham. He's a little sickish just now, but—" Again he broke off. Elizabeth Ruley, lifting her face in a sudden, moved kind of way, looked him mutely in the eyes.

He had seen it variously sad, musing, anxious, and apprehensive—that still, chill glance beneath her straight brows; but he had never dreamed that it or any other gaze could quicken his very soul with such a sense as burned there now, a sense making his own eyes lift in a spasm of feeling which shut his lips hard upon a sharp, short, rapturous breath.

A number of the hotel people closed about her. Without a word Wade gave way to them. There was no need to say anything whatever. The profound consciousness which had leaped upon him in that single instant was not a thing to break easily at the lips.

With an illusory sense upon him, he went up to the bath-houses, and, still feeling like one meshed in the glittering woof of a delicious dream, on to the Dersheimer Arms. How had he been able, during these past weeks, to delude himself into believing he should suffer little in resigning this woman to a life in which he had no part? Had it been he, indeed, who had calmly figured her as shining with serene sweetness in the home and parish of the Rev. Frederic Clinton Graham? Wade laughed out in scorn of the notion. He set his lips and narrowed his eyes even to think of such a thing.

"Why," he murmured, amazedly, "I love her more than life itself. I would die for her." These assurances burst out with strength, if lacking absolute originality of phrase. In a moment he himself laughed to remember that he had heard other men make such statements, and had been faintly amused at the prodigality of love's vows and the curious sameness of its figures of speech.

Sitting on the edge of his bed, he covered his eyes and drifted into a beatific world, all a riot of blue skies and scattered roses and clasping cupids and pastoral pipes. Elizabeth glided through the ferny greenness—Elizabeth, in floating white, with a ribbon of girlish blue in the shadowy depths of her hair—Elizabeth, with handfuls of honeysuckles, no longer still and loath, but glad and smiling, warm and heartening as the flowers she bore. And then presently these Arcadian alleys lapsed to ways not less sweet, though more familiar. A walled-up city street stretched out before him, narrow and monotonous, with its tall dwellings and meagre ribbon of sky. Was this one of the apartments he had so hated—this reach of rooms, tunnelled with a long dark hall, with sunshine only in snatches, and with strange cubby-holes crouching about shafts which mouthed up a dim, infernal light? It seemed to have inconsequent features in common with his old detestation; but it could not be the same, for this range of rooms radiated delight—being, indeed, pervaded with a presence which, to Wade's mind, would have shed a gentle home-rapture upon a section of the Catacombs.

He could hear the ripple of Elizabeth's gown, the soft fall of her foot as she moved through those pictured spaces. Elizabeth!—he had never known before that it was his favorite name. He repeated it to himself till it lost meaning and startled him with its strangeness. He wished to see her at once, yet dreaded to see her, as inevitably he must, among others.

At this juncture there was a rap at his door, and when he opened it he saw Mr. Ruley standing in the hall.

"Frederic wants to see you," said the old man, tremulous with emotion. "He is advised by the doctor to lie by for the day, being er—somewhat—"

"Salt water has that effect generally. He'll brace up after a bit."

"I trust so! I trust so! snatched thus by the unspeakable goodness of God from the fate of them that go down in ships. Ah, my young friend, blessed indeed are those that are ordained to be instruments of His grace. I have come to fetch you to the bedside of this dear soul that he may, in such sort as he is directed, make acknowledgment to you for your timely aid." He fondly laid hold of Wade's arm.

"THEN A SOFT STILLNESS SETTLED DOWN."

"He'll feel more like falling on my neck when his stomach settles!" laughed Wade. "I'll wait till then." But Mr. Ruley drew him down the corridor with that singularly forceful strength which occasionally showed itself in his lank, leaning form.

Graham turned a qualmish face upon them.

"I can't say a word," he declared. "I've a lot of pretty speeches laid up for emergencies, but none for one like this. I never foresaw having my life saved. I guess you know how I feel!"

"Yes. I saw you were swallowing too much brine," said Wade. He added, "Sorry I had to punch your head!" The two men smiled over their clasped hands.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Ruley, gazing with distended rheumy eyes upon this fraternal picture, "Frederic was saved to great works, being specially favored in his holy calling, and specially gifted with rare persuasive qualities."

"Oh!" murmured Graham, deprecatingly.

"I speak the fact," protested the other. "I myself have been very zealous for the Lord of Hosts. I cried aloud, and showed my people their transgressions. I depicted to them hell enlarging herself and opening her mouth without measure. Sabbath after Sabbath I told them that their glory, their pomp, and their multitude should descend therein. But they were puffed up and given to their idols. They would not hear. They had no pleasure in the words of the servant of the Most High."

Wade and Graham exchanged a glance which expressed no surprise that Mr. Ruley's congregation had failed to accept his views with joyous alacrity.

"I strove mightily with a perverse and stiff-necked generation. I told them of their loathsome iniquity, of their guile, their vanity, their shame, their utterly lost condition. They heard me," cried Mr. Ruley, in a bitterly sonorous voice, "with the apathy of them that are dead according to the law. Yet I saw those stubborn hearts softened. Another than I spoke to them, and, behold, the flint was melted. To Him be the honor who has ordained this miracle of victorious young priesthood—Frederic, my son in the faith!" His quavering accents broke, and the fierceness left his beaked face.

Graham looked at Wade and shrugged his shoulders.

"I reap where you sowed," he said, considerately. A flash leaped to the old man's deep eyes.

"You speak with the voice of the comforter," he sighed, shaking his rough white hair, but visibly pleased.

During the entire day Wade saw nothing of Elizabeth. At supper, however, his heart gave an unaccustomed twitch as he observed her in a distant end of the dining-room. He hung about the office till she came out, carrying her father's shawl, and prepared to fix him comfortably on the porch.

Her eyes avoided Wade, but as she passed him a little breath of pink fluctuated in her cheek, whereat the young man took exceeding heart, being happily unaware that his tender observance of Miss Ruley was winning amused smiles from the people about.

Gracie Gayle brushed up to him.

"It's all right, then? Will papa live with you? poor old dear! He's a back number, but he means well. Only this wicked world's no place for men like him. Folks never thank you for telling them they've got soot on their noses. They'd rather be jollied up a little, and made to think their faces are pretty clean. Hum?—the Rev. Graham, now. I'm willing to put up my European successes that he'll be right in it for luck! He'll have a big city pulpit, and his sermons printed in the newspapers. You mark my words. He's up to date; and I'm proud of you, Wade—awful proud of you for beating his time, for I saw the way you and Elizabeth acted just now when she passed, and I was right on. I knew it was all right." She waved her hand back at him as she fluttered up stairs, all a maze of rosy muslin, with a tinkling of silver bangles on her wrists.

Wade resolutely approached his friends in the porch corner.

"Don't let me interfere with your usual walk," said Mr. Ruley. "Go while it is yet light, Elizabeth—you and our good friend. I shall presently seek Frederic's side. He wishes to consult me upon a question which my acquaintance with the early fathers justifies me in discussing."

Blessing him profoundly, Wade moved his chair back and looked questioningly at Elizabeth.

She rose with an air of reluctance, and they went down the steps together and into the thronged street, which, queerly enough, seemed to Wade a cosmic wilderness whose sweet solitude was peopled only by himself and the girl at his side.

As he talked of common things he took her silence comfortably to heart. No doubt she felt this singular atmosphere which had so suddenly ensphered them in a new world. That was it. She was moved by the strangeness of it all, and felt, as indeed he himself felt, a little stupefied, a little dazed by the greatness of the difference. So Wade decided as they came to the ocean side.

Dim, phantom sails reached into the fading sky. One schooner lay at anchor off the bar. A rich brownish chrome streaked its flat foresail, and upon the mingling tones of sky and sea its rigging trailed a delicate filigree of black. Through the zigzag spaces of a distant pavilion shone, as through a dark trellis, the shattered amber of the west. Against it one white arc-lamp hung like a jewel. Other lights spun out from the half-gloom of the town. The crowd on the walk thickened. It grew, with every instant, more and still more noisy. Sound and movement ingulfed the comparative quietude, and there was nothing presently to tell of its briefly tranquil charm except the motionless vessel lying out there at sea and visibly melting into the dark bosom of the night. A low tide whined on the sands. Off to the left the little lake, thrusting out in the sunlit glow from its wooded belt, looked like a dagger of gold in a dark girdle.

"Let us walk round that way," suggested Wade. They turned towards the sliver of burnished water, the color of which, as they neared it, waned to a mere dull russet. About the rim were tall lamps, which plunged blunt, leaden shafts of light into the still depths. A little bridge rose over the expanse, and as they mounted its soft curve a boat shot below them and the voices of the rowers rang upward.

Then a soft stillness settled down. A gray density of shadow crept stealthily from a tiny wooded island just beyond the bridge, and some bird in the dark leafage chirped a long, lonely note. Elizabeth, leaning on the slight rail, herself half folded in shadow, stood watching the lucid trail of the vanishing boat. Wade, filled with the simple happiness of her presence, set his elbow on the balustrade and let the sweetness of the moment encompass him. All the fulness of complete knowledge might never be so exquisite a thing as this "prodigal inward joy," as yet unaverred except by the forces of life which speak without language.

And as he leaned there, rapt in the enchantment which silence and assurance combined to work upon him, another skiff flashed into sight, daubing the water with thin vermilion from the red light it bore. A girl's voice, bold and clear, lilted up the bars of a song made popular by some concert-hall favorite—a song none too reticent of illusion, with a reckless swing of rhythm and a demure suggestiveness of phrase.

Darting shafts of scarlet about it, the boat struck under the bridge. In emerging it disclosed a boyish young fellow at the oars, and opposite him, in a cloud of airy pink, the small singer. Gracie's gold slippers cast off a gay gleam, as if she were shod with sunshine. Her bangles flashed and clashed as she idly shredded up the bunch of roses in her lap and flung the petals in her companion's face. He, bending his blond head, laughed at the soft pelting. Then, quickly enough, he drew both oars into one hand, and, reaching forward, caught the girl's teasing fingers.

She paused in her song and laughed. Emboldened, he lifted the little hand. His lips had not touched it, however, when she snatched it away.

"Mind your oars," she advised him, taking up the rollicking measure again and casting a wind of pink flowers over the skiff-side.

Wade straightened himself with a consciousness of strong distaste. His conviction of Gracie's ability to take care of herself was, if anything, deepened by this episode. But he had a moral qualm at the girl's sufficiency, because it bore so emphatic a hint of much experience. From the swift impression of her mirthful mockery, her acute glance, her cheek, altogether unabashed at man's approving, and her whole piquant, theatric personality, Wade's vision returned to the figure beside him, poised with a little air of meditation and with gentle gaze bent on the shaken redness of the lake.

"Elizabeth!" he said, suddenly put to speech, "oh, what a rapture it is just to stand here with you! Dearest love, tell me that I don't misunderstand your silence! I couldn't care like this, could I, for a woman who did not love me a little?" Something like a shivering coldness went over him. She had distinctly shrunk away from him, and even in the shadows it seemed as if her face assumed an austere fixity.

"I beg of you," she stammered, "do not—do not—"

"But, Elizabeth!" besought Wade, shaken with misgivings, "listen!—oh, be generous with me! no one will ever love you as I do. It's my life you have in your hands." He was beyond that half-humorous criticism which he commonly brought to bear on himself no less than on others. If what he said had been often said in precisely the tone in which he now poured it hotly forth, he did not think or care. "I know how unworthy I am, dearest. But you can make me anything you will—anything. Oh, Elizabeth! just now when I saw that poor little girl in her stagy finery, with her safe recklessness and pertness and sharp wisdom, I thanked God that my fate was, in loving you, my pure little saint, to love upward to the highest reach of my ideals. Oh, you can't know what it is to me, that sweet cloistral air of yours, that gentle reserve! You have been shut away from the world and its knowledges, and I am more glad than I can say, my love, my wife—"

"I have asked you not to say any more," Elizabeth broke in, speaking with haste, almost with sharpness.

"But—"

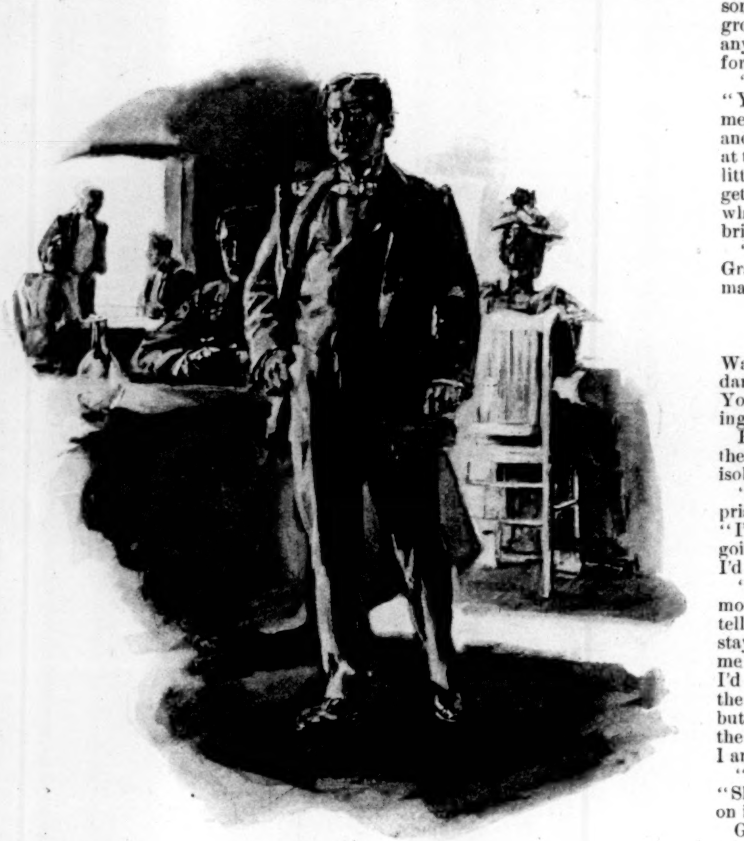
"No more. It is impossible, impossible!" As she said this, however, her voice broke and her head fell on her breast. "Oh," she murmured, "*how* impossible I pray you may never know! For I care—yes, I want you to know that I care—greatly for your—regard and—respect."

VIII.

In dwelling upon Elizabeth's words and manner, Wade felt like one in the thick of a cloud, which, without assuming shape itself, confuses and thwarts the view. Through it, however, like a storm-blurred star, the radiance of her own confession of regard shone bright.

He had besought some explanation of her meaning, but she had said only that if he cared for her at all he would show it best by asking nothing; that if he was generous he would take her attitude as final and necessary. And while he was yet asking her to show a little confidence in him, she had passed hurriedly up the wide steps of the hotel and crossed the office and turned the bend of the stairs. Since which time he had seen her no more, though a day had dragged by.

He wandered round the place, tormented by his own restlessness as well as by the sounds and sights which the outer world forced on his irritated sensibilities. It was as if these objective annoyances were grotesquely magnified by the lens of pain through which he saw them. Everything was an offence, and affected him as the tiniest pressure affects a bruise.



"GRAHAM WAS A MADDENING SIGHT IN HIS BREEZY LIGHT-HEARTEDNESS."

Graham, striding down the long dining-room, was a maddening sight in his breezy light-heartedness. The fair locks of a young widow at his own table, whose grief expressed itself in a mixture of heavy crape and numerous diamonds, impressed him with a hideous falsity of hue. A child wailed out, and was borne away by some one who rose and pushed a chair about on the polished floor. In a spasm of revolt Wade thrust back from the table and left it all behind—that clamorous apartment filled with a long perspective of ceaselessly gleaming knives and forks. Yet even in these hours of utter dissatisfaction it was almost amusing to him to reflect that this babel of noise and movement represented to so many people an ideal state of enjoyment.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Ruley, after supper, "will not join us this evening. She is suffering with what seems to be a slight headache. Truly affliction is the ordinary feature of mortal destiny."

After a time Graham and Wade strolled off together, taking their way through some interior streets of the town, upon the comparative darkness of which the lights of cottages broke in a peaceful, domestic fashion wholly different from the way of the beach precincts, all glaring with electricity.

Through open doors they caught sight of family gatherings, of children playing, of young folk talking, of an old woman bending soberly over a thick book. Graham, looking up at the stars, gave a sigh.

"They're the things that really count, after all," he asserted. "If a man misses it—love, you know, and home ties—nothing else ever perfectly makes it up with him. We are told with high-handed scorn that love isn't much of a power anyway; that it means little in comparison with life's other forces. But I believe it's a pretty big thing myself. There's a time in a fellow's career when it counts for a devilish deal. It's a power."

Wade agreed with this view, and Graham pushed on: "I've an idea that there's only one pair of hands in the world that can kindle the flame on a man's hearth. And if he makes a mistake and gets the wrong pair, he'll have a sickly warmth in his inglenook."

Wade lifted his brows, surmising what the specialized nature of this figure portended.

"Yes," pursued Graham, "a man, in my mind, does well to subordinate other things to love. He'd better marry the woman who pleases him, even if he has to sacrifice something in the way of ambition and that sort of thing."

"If she will have him," added Wade.

"No trouble about that. Women marry the men who ask them." He laughed, and laid a confidential hand on Wade's arm.

"Of course you've seen what's in the wind? I'm pretty hard hit. That little witch has turned my head with her shy, stately ways. And a clergyman ought to marry. He owes it to his people. Elizabeth is as retiring as the traditional wood-violet, but in a different atmosphere—for I don't propose to stay forever in Indiana—I think she'll expand to the social necessities of her position as my wife. I admired her from the first. There's something unaccountable about her that catches a fellow's imagination. But I went slow. It's a big decision for a man. And it wasn't an advantageous alliance for me—looking at it in cold blood. But the more I see of her the harder I'm nailed. I've made up my mind to settle everything before I leave here—I've got to go soon now. My time's up."

He began to whistle "Annie Laurie" between his teeth. They had returned to the threshold of the Dersheimer Arms, and, seeing Grace Gayle sitting by herself in the porchway, Wade stopped for a moment.

"I've been looking for you," she said. "Something's out of gear. Your face gives it away. And when I rapped at Elizabeth's door just now to see how her headache was, I noticed that her eyes were swelled up. She's been crying. Yes, crying," she repeated, impressively, as Wade started. "It broke me all up to see how bad she looked. I know something's up. You'd better let me in on the ground-floor, Wade. Neither you nor her has any better friend than me. I'd do a good deal for you."

"Thanks, Titania," muttered Wade, gloomily. "Your barley-sugar wand can't do anything for me just now." He paused, with a weary air, and added: "That poor young fellow over there at the cooler—hadn't you better look after him a little? He seems desperate—he's drinking altogether too much iced water. Isn't he the chap who was rowing you last night?—his joy was brief."

"I'm not worrying about him," snapped Gracie, pettishly. "Indifference is good for a man."

"'They fish with all nets
In the school of coquettes,'"

Wade quoted. "The wing of recompense will darken your unfeeling brow some day, my lady. You will then understand—" He paused, smiling, for Grace had flounced angrily away.

Presently, after this, Bailey, searching round the thronged piazza for her, came upon her in an isolated corner.

"By yourself?" asked Bailey, pleasantly surprised at the absence of Grace's usual court. "I'm in luck. I wanted a word with you. I'm going up to town to-morrow. And I thought I'd get your final—"

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Grace. "I'm in no mood for talking business. But I may as well tell you, once for all, that I've about decided to stay with Vaughn. He did the square thing by me last season. He'll feature me, and all that. I'd of liked the best kind to join you," explained the girl, more kindly. "I know you're a hustler; but mom don't like to travel, and I'm fond of the city. You'll get some one quite as good as I am."

"There's Daisy Higby," reflected Bailey. "She's got a new dance that they say will catch on immensely."

Grace started. "She's good style," she admitted, generously; "not very original, but rather graceful, and all that."

"She hasn't your go; but she's popular. I'd set my heart on having you, Gracie; but if I can't make it I'll have to do the next best. We're old friends. I remember you when you were a slip of a thing in the chorus of—"

"Don't remind me of it!" gasped Gracie. "Miserable little thing I was! The folks that saw me dancing in pink tulle didn't dream what a ragged frock I changed it for after the curtain. I was saving every cent to pay for dancing-lessons. I might have been struggling to this day but for Wade's write-up. I'll never forget what I owe him—though he treats me with scorn!" she added, in a burst of resentment.

"Scorn? Why—"

"Oh, well, maybe not just scorn; but when I try to help him—he's in a kind of a hole at present—he simply laughs at me, and politely advises me to mind my own affairs. It's rough; that's what."

"Is Wade in a hole? He seemed in high feather yesterday afternoon."

"I can't explain," said Miss Gayle, with dignity. "He wouldn't like to have his affairs discussed. But it's a love—"

"Ah!"

"A love-affair," frowned Gracie. "You've noticed him and Miss Ruley, I suppose? I thought everything was settled; but something's gone wrong. I'd give a good deal to find out just what."

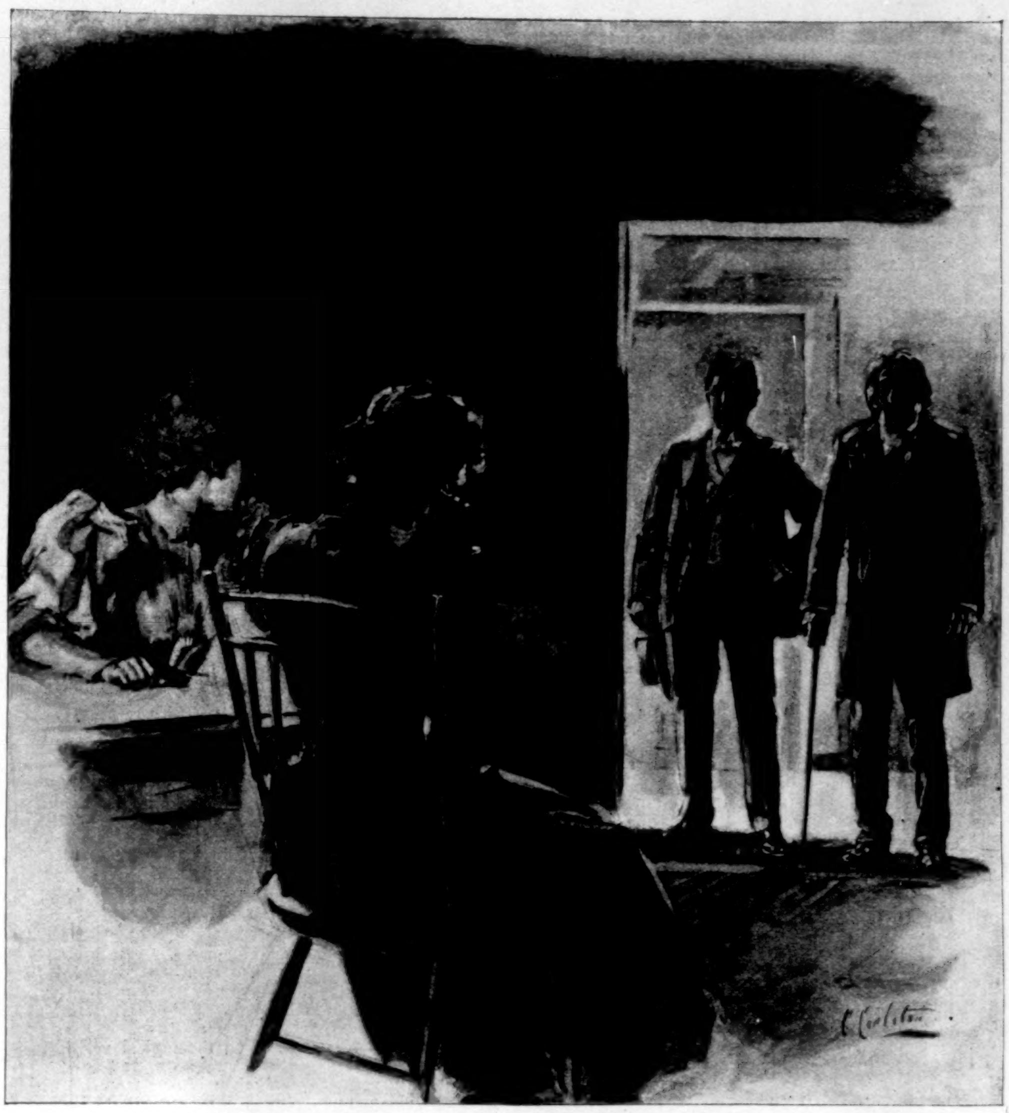
Bailey sat on the porch rail staring at his cigarette.

"Jove!" he said. "I guess I could give you the cue to the situation. I guess it's Miss Ruley that's made the difficulty. She's got a—well, a kind of a reason that might make her act queer in a case like this. I don't say it's a good reason, but it's the sort of thing that would make matters a little hard if she cared for a man and had to explain."

Grace's eyes flashed in the darkness of the side porch.

"Bailey," she cried, "how glad I am I spoke of this business! Go on—go on and tell me!"

But Bailey suddenly stiffened. "I'd like to," he signified, "but it wouldn't be straight. What I didn't [illegible] to myself a fellow I've met since I was in the city this last trip told me in dead confidence—man named [illegible]. Honest, Gracie, I can't give it away. Don't ask me. I can't do it."



"THERE THEY STOOD IN THE DOOR."

"Look here!" cried Gracie. "I'm dying to know what you're onto. Tell me, Bailey! I'll do anything—I'm not sure, after all, but I'll sign with you. Yes, Bailey, you tell me. I'm going to sign with you!"

The next instant she saw her mistake. Bailey's boyish eyes hardened.

"I wish to God you hadn't said that," he declared. "You must have a dead-low opinion of me. I don't make any bluff about honor and that rot. I'm no man in a story-book to split hairs and beat his conscience into a froth; but you better believe I'm not going to sell my soul for your signature."

He cast his cigarette away with an indignant motion. His head was up, his jaws set. He looked down upon the girl in the chair with a glance of steady contempt.

Grace watched him with surprise. Was this Bailey—the mild, conciliating Bailey—always politic, always bent with gentle, and often unscrupulous, determination on his own ends—this man with the squared chin and scathing eyes?

Something like admiration crept into Gracie's shrewd gaze—something stirred in her heart.

"Bailey," she said, impulsively, "I admire you more this minute than I ever did or ever expected to. You've always seemed to me just a manager. You strike me now as a *man*. I'm glad I tempted you—or tried to tempt you—if only to find out what *kind* of a man you really are. Here's my hand on it, Bailey!"

Bailey's cast-iron mood dropped off. He breathed a little uncertainly as he took her warmly proffered fingers. He was even more disturbed as he saw on Gracie's face, upheld in the half-gloom, an expression of honest and simple sincerity.

"Gracie," he said, "I didn't think you'd ever make a fool of *me!* I thought I was proof against your little tricks. But, by Jove! when you look like that—like a dear little kind-hearted woman instead of a—"

"Go on."

"You know what I mean!—don't tell me to go on unless you want to hear—that—that—"

"Well?"

"Oh, the devil!—I might know you don't care a rap! Good-by, Gracie." He turned angrily on his heel, put about by the light mockery of Grace's tone. But this accent had altogether vanished when she lifted her voice and said, very softly, "Bailey!"

He turned. She was leaning forward, smiling rather gravely.

"Grace," he said, still standing away and speaking brusquely, "be plain. You're not fooling with a boy. It's dead serious with me. Are you in earnest?"

"If I should be—"

He flung himself beside her.

"If you care for me, Gracie, if you care—"

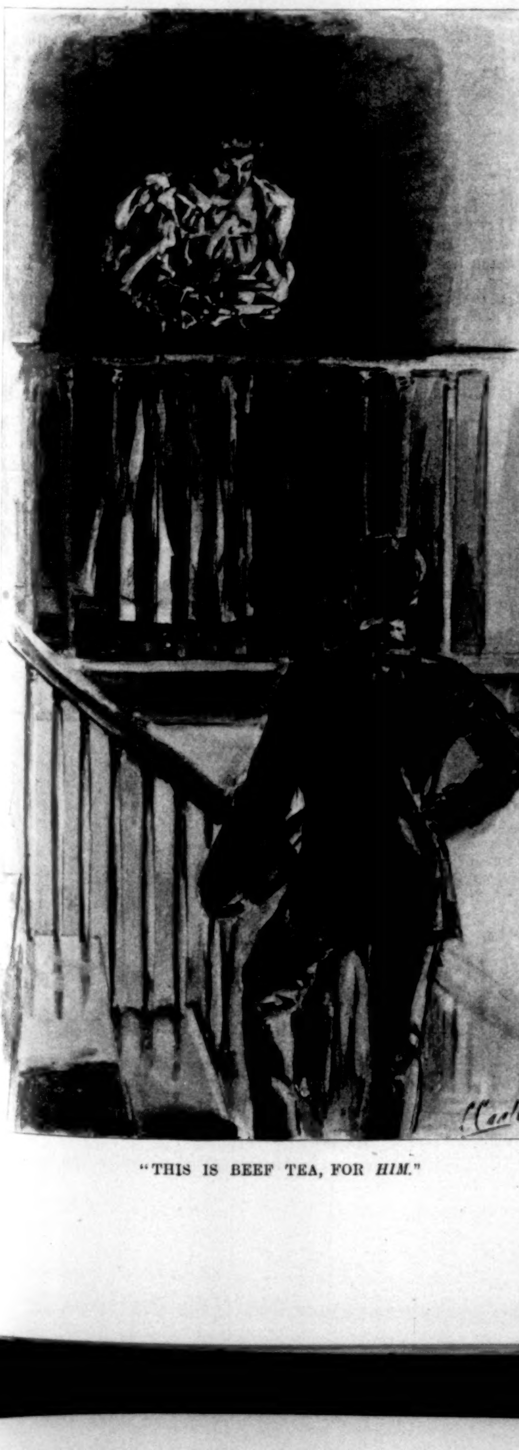
She laughed softly.

"If I didn't," she said, presently, "you can bet your arm wouldn't be where it is now!"

IX.

On the next morning Wade had a passing glimpse of Elizabeth, as he stood in the office unfolding the heavy sheets of the Sunday paper.

"Ah," said a deep utterance behind him, "it grieves me, my friend, to see this! It is a reprobate nation that pollutes His day with such like. They are ill fitted for the Word who first fill themselves with the contents of a news-sheet." Wade smiled a little under the long denunciative finger pointing at the journal in his hands. He was less aware of it than of the figure coming along behind Mr. Ruley's tall form.



"THIS IS BEEF TEA, FOR *HIM*."

The two were going to church apparently, for Elizabeth carried a little black book from which a narrow purple ribbon hung. There was a kind of sorrowful composure in her soft features.

"Cold, cold, my girl!" murmured Wade to himself, in a pained acceptance of her attitude as she passed by, giving him a sense of something chill and sweet and unearthly as a breath from a flower-set altar. Upon that vision of her he was obliged to nourish his thoughts all day, for, after the morning service, she went up stairs and reappeared no more. On the edge of dark he saw Graham and Mr. Ruley setting forth as if to some meeting which a distant church-bell was announcing.

At the head of the steps they paused, being accosted by Miss Gayle, who floated from her mother's side and joined them.

"Where is Miss Ruley?" she asked. "I want to see her about something special." The old preacher surveyed, with a certain pious tolerance, the small white-clad shape at his elbow.

"She is in her room," he said, "and feeling less like herself than I could wish. I think she would scarcely desire to be disturbed just now, since she was—I may say—unable to accompany us to divine service."

"She'll be down after a while," Graham assured Gracie, with a glance appreciative of the rose-dashed lips and curled black hair of the small person beyond him. "I think she said, sir, that she would join us on the porch upon our return?"

"I believe so," owned the old man. "Come, Frederic. Let us not offend the Most High, as so many are wont, by appearing late in His house."

Wade, not overhearing this brief talk, observed the emptying piazza with growing gloom. A "sacred concert" was forward in one of the big beach-stands, and people were moving down the street in waxing multitudes. Joining these throngs, Wade, with his hat sulking over his eyes, found himself at first indifferent to the extraordinary crush of the promenade. In both directions a sweeping host pushed, and as he took in, with perhaps a certain acerbity of criticism, the mass of people, it seemed to Wade that only by the seldomest occasion any individual had the slightest distinction of feature, bearing, or apparel.

Muslins and laces and flowers and perfumes and pink cheeks and dimples and curls mixed in a definite aggregation of commonplace youthful prettiness. Matronly silks touched the scene with spots of purple and black. Scarcely any men beyond middle age were to be seen, and at this hour no children whatever. A gratifying lack of pretension marked the crowd. Only now and then a rich toilet walked sublime among the home-wrought frocks of the women-folk, a splendor commonly fitting the lavish contours of some middle-aged lady, whose heavily prosperous air seemed a little new to her.

No one appeared to care much for the chalky reach of sea dashing its lime-white powder on the sands. The sky, all dappled with bronze, hung low and bright. A soft wind whirred in from the ocean, and as it darkened beyond twilight a distant yacht disclosed itself as a mere blur of orange in the gathering shadows.

Feeling out of harmony with the great good cheer of the crowd, Wade started back to the hotel. The town had a singular aspect of loneliness, having poured its thousands out upon the verge of the sea. Streets and porches looked deserted. Electric lights burned with a waste luxuriance over the empty spaces, like candles set by the dead. The very stars glimmered far and pale, and suddenly, as Wade looked up, one of them shot out of space, burning a long scar in the dark face of the night.

That fading cleft of saffron gave the young man an odd feeling of human littleness and individual desolation, and this was not dissipated by the absolutely forsaken aspect of the Dersheimer Arms. The piazza was a long vista of empty chairs. The very office had only one occupant—a bell-boy sitting asleep on the bench below the signal-board.

An enchantment of silence hung upon everything. But as Wade's foot rang loud on the threshold, there vibrated through the strange stillness of the place a sound which drew him motionless. The sound of a voice, it was, bitter and sharp, and echoing from the bare expanse of the reading-room.

"Never," it swept out strong and stern—"never shall I overlook this abomination you have worked. According to your treachery another than I shall deal with you, yea, according to the measure of your sin. I cannot wonder that you weep. It would be past all hardihood if you were not something confounded with your shame. O that you had died in the hour that gave you birth! That I had rendered you back to God, pure in your infancy, than that you had lived to turn and pollute my name now when my hands are waxed feeble! Yea, God! Thou hast scourged me with rods, Thou hast poured me out like water, Thou hast smitten me in the work of my hands, and I have been silent. Now I am laid waste utterly. I am in the dust. I am uprooted and dishonored!"

Wade had stepped forward. The single gas-jet in the reading-room flickered low, and in the centre of the dimly lighted room the old Indiana preacher stood tall and terrible, with an outstretched, anathematizing hand. Three others were in the apartment—Graham, just beyond the old man, touched an averted face with a troubled finger; against the post of the ballroom door Grace Gayle leaned, pale, with scared eyes and breathless lips; and immediately before her father, shrinking, cowering under his harsh outpour of words, Elizabeth Ruley stood covering her white face with two trembling hands.

"Don't—oh, don't—condemn me so utterly!" she moaned. "I don't try to—to excuse myself. I have sinned, father—yes, yes! But we had nothing, nothing to live on! I couldn't see you take the—the miserable pension the church that turned you off would have flung to you in charity! Father, no! Believe me—oh, believe me!—it wasn't for myself that I wronged you—that I sold myself—that I practised this shameful deceit! It was for you—for—"

"Do not dare," broke in the old man, with a fearful gleam in his wrathful face, "to make me the apology of your iniquity. Better I had starved than that this should have come upon me. Have I loved life so as to purchase it at such a price? No! Upon your own head be the reward of your evil! for I stand henceforth aside from your deceits. You are no issue of mine, who am left desolate, betrayed even by my own loins." He swung on his heel, and brushed off, with an imperious gesture, the hands of the woman who had fallen down before him and would have clasped his knees.

Graham, with a motion of helpless pain, wheeled past Grace Gayle and into the darkness of the dance-hall. Grace hung against the door, mute and motionless, as the old man strode towards the office. In its hard implacability his face looked like a mask of iron. His gaze was fierce and fixed, and a vigor beyond the mere vigor of young blood stirred in his long gait and swinging arms. And where he had left her Elizabeth crouched, with forlorn face bent upon him, and with one miserably shaking hand even yet reaching after him in piteous appeal.

Viewing this concentrated presentment of human passion, altogether unintelligible to him except in its effects, Wade's breath came quick. A tumult of generous impulse surged in him, and his heart lifted as if a great flood bore it up. He jostled the old man's obdurate form as he passed it in his haste.

"Elizabeth," he said, lifting her, and heedless of the girl in the doorway who stood staring, or the old man who paused to cast back a startled eye, "I don't know what is wrong. I don't ask. I only tell you my belief in you isn't changed. And as to my love—that is more yours than ever because you are troubled and forsaken."

X.

Elizabeth's eyes turned with vague incredulity upon Wade. She seemed to take in with a certain dimness of comprehension the details of his presence—the lounging shoulders, cropped mustache, kind eyes, straight hair.

"You don't know," she half whispered—"you don't know about me?"

"I know you are good, and that I love you. That's enough."

"Oh," she murmured, cringing, "tell him, Gracie—tell him!" She broke away from him, and in another instant he heard her swift light steps on the stair.

Wade's questioning face turned upon the little dancer.

Grace drew a sobbing breath. "It was me," she cried, faintly. "I did it. I blurted the whole thing right out. You see, it was this way: Bailey told me all about it last night—it was *right* for him to tell me, because we've got things all fixed up, and he's spoke to mom and everything—and I wanted to see Elizabeth and tell her I *knew*, and that I liked her better than ever, and was proud to call her my friend. And I chased around all evening looking for her, though Bailey, when he went back to town on the five train, told me I better not let her know I was on. But I haven't the sense God gives little ducks!" cut in Gracie, weeping; "and when I found her in this room, reading all by herself, I rushed in, and out with the whole business. I told her I knew everything. I went over it all, and was just begging her to tell me if *you* knew. And then we heard something drop on the floor—a cane, I guess—and we looked round, and there *they* stood in the door—Graham and old Ruley. They'd heard enough. I thought the old man would die right there. He was calm as an icicle. He made her give him particulars. And then he blazed off like something mad. He went on at her like—oh, well, you heard some of his remarks! Hateful, narrow-minded—"

"Gracie!—what for?—that's what I'm trying to find out. What does he accuse her of?—the sweetest creature on this earth."

"Oh," moaned Grace, distractedly, "I forgot you hadn't heard. She's Mary Averne, Elizabeth is. They say her Juliet's something great. Bailey's seen her play. He didn't recognize her at first, though he said he was always haunted by a feeling that her face was familiar. But he never actually knew really who she was till that day on the beach when you and Graham were struggling out in the ocean. Then he said something like a mask seemed to drop from her face. She lost hold of herself for a minute. Pain is pain. Whether you're acting it or feeling it, I guess it looks pretty much alike. Anyhow, Bailey knew her—*that* quick. He remembered Mary Averne where she takes the poison and says, 'This do I drink to thee!'"

"Mary Averne!—"

"But Bailey never said a word to any one. And a couple of weeks ago he met her leading man in town—a Mr. Wilmuth. And Wilmuth told him considerable about her—how he'd met her down here on the beach one night, and she begged him not to give her away. She said her father mustn't know. And Wilmuth promised. But seeing Bailey was on to things—why, they talked it over."

"But how—but how—"

"—did she keep the old man in the dark? As far as I can make out, it was mostly the Chicago lady's idea. She thought Elizabeth clever. She'd heard her speak little pieces at Sunday-school entertainments. And when the old man lost his grip with the church she sent for Elizabeth and got her in the way of reading round at parlor entertainments. And some manager offered to star her in a Western circuit. He made her good terms, and the Chicago lady persuaded her into it. So they fixed up that the old man wasn't to find out what he owed his bread and butter to—it seems he don't think well of the stage. And as he got Elizabeth's letters all from Chicago, why, he never suspected a thing till I gave it away—" She sprang up suddenly from the arm of the leather couch on which, during this narrative, she had supported herself. People were coming back from the beach. Aware of her disordered looks, Grace sped away and up the spiral staircase.

Presently after Wade came upon Graham, who motioned him aside. The young preacher looked terribly put about.

"A surprisingly unpleasant thing," he said. "You've heard? Heavens, what a blow!"

"To—"

"Oh, to all of us! The old man's done for. He won't survive this bolt, mark me."

"Bolt!—you talk strangely. Is the mere fact of having a daughter who is an actress—"

"Oh, you take that view! Her deceiving him, I suppose, doesn't cut any figure in your judgment of the girl?"

"Asperity and dogmatism in a father excuse cowardice and stratagem in a child."

"That sounds like a sentiment in a copy-book. I don't say her course was unpardonable, but I can feel for Ruley's side of it, too. She knew how he regarded that sort of thing—"

"With the ferocious illiberality he applies to everything."

"But she knew, too, how fond of her he is. She might, at least, have talked to him on the subject of her ambitions. It would have been honester."

"She knew better than to consult him. That libellous creed of his, which accounts human nature as mere dregs and dross, would have damned her as surely for the idea as for the act. And instead of considering the poor child's 'ambitions,' you'd better remember her necessities."

"There were other means."

"This moral babble comes poorly from you, Graham—you who 'hunt the trail of policy.' She was forced to the line she undertook by every pressure of surrounding and heredity. Every quality she has she derives naturally from the man who repudiates her with such noble fury. She is perhaps only a little less dramatic than he himself, and only a little less morbidly conscientious. I don't doubt that she's been frightfully unhappy in this life she's been leading, or that she believes herself to be all that her father declared her."

"You speak with heat," said Graham. "What I'm principally engrossed with, however, is my own share in the situation. It goes hard with me to find out these facts concerning Miss Ruley. It changes my plans; knocks the wind out of my sails. When I spoke apparently against her just now, it was to get your views. It did me good to hear you take up for her. Personally I don't care a rap that she's been on the stage. The thing adds a glamour to my notions of her. There's more in her than I dreamed of. I've heard often in the West of Mary Averne and her promise. I've heard her beauty and genius discussed more than once. And to think this little, still, dove-eyed girl should be the same woman! It's amazing, and it fascinates my imagination. But it makes it out of the question for me to marry her. The stage and the pulpit can't mix quite so intimately. This isn't the millennium. A preacher's bound to respect established prejudices. If I walked after my desires I should pay for the happiness with my career. I haven't power enough to grasp the nettle of public opinion in my hand and crush the sting out of it. So I know better than to touch the thing—an exceeding tough business in any case. It's rough, though—by Heaven, it is! And philosophy is a cursed poor substitute for my sweet Bessie's cleft little chin and big childlike eyes."

"Poor as it is," cut in Wade, with sudden irascibility, "you'd have had to make it serve even if Miss Ruley had remained what you thought her—an obscure young person, unstigmatized by any blemish of talent. For she would not have married you, permit me to say with certainty."

Graham stared.

"Upon what—upon what grounds—"

Wade regarded him quietly. And as they faced each other in silence, Graham suddenly seemed to comprehend what the other's suggestive stillness implied. He swallowed hard, and drew his nether lip against his teeth.

"I should like," he said, in a moment—"I should like to hurl you over that rail. It's you, is it? Ah!"

Wade burst into a little laugh. "Don't do it, old chap!" he said. "Remember who you are, even if you forgot whom you're addressing. The theological verities!—you can't afford to overlook them!"

Graham turned away, and then, after a moment, wheeled back and clapped Wade's arm rather cordially, though his face was grayish.

"All right," he said. "You and I can't quarrel. I remember that hideous hour out in that stretch of sea, when—no, Wade, no! I deserve this. I'm like a dastard in battle slain with the spear he has dropped in fleeing—nasty sensation." In a moment he asked, "Is it all settled—between you two?"

"It's settled with me," smiled Wade. "The other may take time. But my life's before me!"

"Oh, that's it! She—yes, she loves you. A hundred circumstances of proof recur to me. But if you've got to win her across this breach—alas! you'll need your wit, my boy. Sweet as she is, she is narrow, too—a Calvinist at heart. You should have heard her self-accusations just now! She'll refuse to blur your purple."

"And you?" suggested Wade.

"Oh, you press me home! I shall make my farewells to Ruley forthwith. And to-morrow morning, when you come down, I shall be gone. I'd go to-night," he interpolated ironically, "only Sabbath travelling, you know—ah, well!" He thrust out and clasped Wade's hand, and having wrung it hard, turned about and left him.

XI.

The morning broke gloomily, with a peevish kind of drizzle fretting against the panes, which, as Wade glanced through them, disclosed a distorted gray world without form or fixity. The ocean looked like a great cylinder of zinc. Its rising convexity was unmarked of any object except the black shark-shape of a barge driving to leeward. Even the *Lizzie B.*—the little pleasure-yacht always to be seen off the bar of mornings and nights—seemed to have scudded out of reach of a threatening storm. The streets were drenched to an ochreous hue, and every passing omnibus was loaded with people, for whom the end of the season had been hastened by reports of a big rainfall.

Things in the lower part of the Dersheimer Arms were cheerless enough to account for any number of rapid departures. Over it hung the dreariness peculiar in time of foul weather to houses built for summer and sunshine; and guests who were not paying bills and otherwise preparing to take leave stood about desolately, making little effort at occupation. A party of elderly women in the parlor were playing a sober game of cards. A child, unoppressed by the general atmosphere, beat with a fist upon the keys of an aged piano which lingered ingloriously behind a door of the reading-room. The clerk, busy and distracted, now and then threw as polite a word as he seemed able to evoke to the group of girls hanging about his desk. For once mirth was notably absent from the rooms and corridors of the Dersheimer Arms; and Wade, coming in from a walk on the sodden porch, was conscious of leaving better cheer behind him than the office afforded.

Presently his observance of the stairway was rewarded by the appearance of two figures, at sight of which he rose at once. Elizabeth Ruley, with Miss Gayle at her elbow, came towards him. At his look of interrogation she said, hopelessly: "He will not see me at all. I have sent to ask him. I have gone to his door." She drew a sharp breath, adding, "He did not even speak to me." Hurrying on, she touched Wade's sleeve with a little impetuous motion of appeal. "He likes you so much!—do you think, would you be willing to—to go to him? Oh, if you could persuade him just to see me! Anything would be better for him than this! He was just so when—when his other trouble came upon him—the church trouble. He shut himself up, and we could not tell how he was taking it or what he might do."

"I will do anything you advise," said Wade, feeling his throat ache at sight of her drawn little face and shadowed eyes. "Sit here while I go and see what can be done."

He left her in the reading-room, and went away and sent up to Mr. Ruley a formal request to speak with him; but the bell-boy who carried the message returned to say that Mr. Ruley was unable to see any one. Obliged to carry this information to the young woman in the reading-room, Wade had the further discomfort of seeing her deeply cast down by the failure of her plan. Her head dropped despairingly against the worn leather of the long couch-pillow, and her hands twisted together in an extremity of anguish.

"I deserve it," she breathed. "He is just, only just, my father, in casting me off like this. I did not want to ask his forgiveness. I cannot ever hope for that. But there are many ways in which he needs me: I must help him dress, I must fix the beef tea for him, and take his breakfast up. I only want to beg him to let me serve him in the old way. But I am not fit even for that!"

"Elizabeth!" cried Wade, "don't blame yourself like this!"

"I can never blame myself enough. I want to tell him that I haven't waited till now for punishment. I've had it right along—daily, hourly. I never threw myself so completely into any character but that I was conscious of my own guilt and danger, and wondering if there might not be in the audience that saw me some one who knew Elizabeth Ruley. When I was home at odd times in High Ripple, or anywhere with my father, I tried to make my face absolutely blank, for fear a vivid expression of any sort of thought or feeling might recall to a stranger's eye the face of Mary Averne. I locked myself in a kind of stony cell of control, and I stifled there, longing sometimes to cry out, to manifest in one way or other the poor self that was thus barred in, walled up. I have suffered—yes, I have suffered, as it was right I should; for I have sinned against everything—rearing, conviction, a daughter's duty. Oh, I realize the truth of what you want to say!—that there is nothing essentially wrong in the profession I have followed. For most women, perhaps not. For me, with my breeding and my beliefs—yes, yes!"

"But, dearest, the general truth can't be the specific falsehood, nor the abstract right the concrete wrong. Look at the thing broadly, widely. Drop a standard that is merely local and temporary. As to your father's justice, he is just, perhaps, but merely according to the range of one who stands upon a dark crag of moral vision and sees only a desolated valley below him. I don't want to offend you by criticising him, Elizabeth; but it seems to me that no man is fit to judge his fellow-beings who cannot see something of the ineradicable good which lies somewhere in the lowest of us."

"Lowest!" She caught at the word. "Yes, yes; we are all corrupt, debased—"

"Oh no, we're not, Elizabeth! How your mind fastens to its traditions of a fallen race! But it is natural that you should see only what you have been taught to see—a slavish and vicious humanity, a violent and tyrannical God. These ideas belong to each other. Change one and the other changes. See something noble in the creature—'man, whose name and nature God disdained not'—and at once an implacable and contemptuous creator becomes impossible. The work of our hands is dear to us even in its imperfections."

"I think you misunderstand my father's disposition. You are like the church people who tired of his teachings, and, like most folk in this time of creedal change, you prefer to the Jehovah of the Scriptures a smilingly complacent Deity, who shall find it pleasanter to be merciful than just. I have old-fashioned ideas myself. I would rather never bow the knee at all than worship a divine sentimentalist, always readier to weep over the sinner than to approve the righteous. The God of my faith holds a sword, and not a censer. Vice cannot be perfumed away; it must be cut off."

"Your faith, then, my dearest, is Hebraic rather than Christian. You hold by the law rather than the sacrifice."

"I hold by my father's God."

"A hurler of thunder-bolts, merciless, vindictive—a being, indeed, singularly after your father's own mortal plan. Have you ever noticed that our gods are wonderfully like ourselves? The Chinese deity has oblique eyes, the African thick lips, Zeus of the Athenians a Greek profile. But why are we talking of all this? I only want to make you believe that you ought not to judge yourself so harshly. Your motives were good. You sinned, perhaps, in deceiving him. But sins vary; some of them have a nobler savor than the catechism taste of what is merely moral. An unscrupulous honesty isn't the highest good. To be willing, for another's happiness, to sin, and bear the inevitable issue of sin, seems to me something finer than the rough-shod virtue which tramples heavenward upon the sensibilities of other people."

"Oh," she murmured, "how gently you deal with—with—"

"The woman I love?" He laughed softly. In her next words she took tacit account of this murmured phrase.

"Your very generosity separates us infinitely," she said.

Wade frowned.

"My generosity?"

"Don't you see how it is?—I am the more unworthy."

"Oh, a jackstraw of a notion for me to overthrow!" He laughed again, committing the error of refusing to take her scruples seriously. "But can't you see, dear, that you are encouraging vice when you use a man's virtues against him? When you are my wife—"

"A woman whose father discards her isn't fit to be—your wife."

"I care nothing for—"

"*I* care. From my father's hand or—not at all." She spoke steadily. He tried to detain her, that he might attack this decision from another point; but she went away, only looking back once over her shoulder, a little shadowy creature enough with her sorrowful eyes, but with something in her lips of her father's indomitable quality.

All day long the rain whimpered on the panes. Towards night a high wind began to whirl in from the swelling sea, whipping round the house's frail walls in great blasts. A constant thudding of shutters and an occasional crashing of insecurely set glass aggravated the clamor of the storm. When the office door was opened never so little a flawy sweep of rain lifted the papers to the ceiling. People whose summery cottons were supplemented with shawls and jackets hung about stairs and halls talking ominously of the various contingencies of a coast tempest. Tidal waves were darkly mentioned. If the roof of the Dersheimer Arms staid over it every one would be surprised. An air of foreboding pervaded the gloomy wastes of rooms, deepening as the blast screamed still more shrilly, and the electric lamps, sickening to mere scarlet threads in their crystal lobes, finally shuddered out, and left to the jau [illegible] rays of a few hastily lighted gas-jets the scared faces of the women grouped anxiously about.

Mom is like she was crazy," said Grace Gayle to Wade, over the baluster. "She hears banshees and things keening under the window. Between her and Elizabeth I've got my hands full." She looked, indeed, far less smart than her wont. Her hair was uncurled, and fell around her common [illegible] features in masses much softer than usual. "This is beef tea," she pursued, indicating the covered cup she carried, "for *him*."

"Mr. Ruley?"

"Mm. Elizabeth's promised to go to bed in case I can get this delivered into his own hands. She says he's used to having it this time every night. The bell-boys are mostly busy just now holding down the roof—anyhow, I don't see 'em about. So I'm going to beard the lion myself."

"Can't I take it?"

"I guess I'll try it myself," she decided. "I oughtn't to shirk anything, for I feel awful guilty about this whole business. Oh, if Bailey was only here!"

"Bailey!—oh, I'd forgotten. The real thing, is it, Gracie?"

"You can put your last cent on it," said Gracie, solemnly. "I wouldn't be going to marry him if it wasn't. Oh, I'm struck!—but we're going slow—very slow. This world-without-end business ought not to be rushed. If I haven't got the everlasting and eternal kind of love you read about, I want to know it before I get over my depth. That's what I told Bailey—that I have to have a long, long time to think it over. We're both awful serious—no mad haste or other foolishness about us. Of course, man*like*, Bailey would have liked it better if I'd demanded less time, but he finally agreed with me that time was the only thing to judge constancy by. So we're going to wait six weeks." Smiling gravely she went on up stairs.

Laying her knuckles against Mr. Ruley's door, she held herself to listen. At the second knock the slow and steady sound of pacing feet within the room ceased, and a voice said, "Well?"

"Your beef tea," replied Gracie, assuming a boyish intonation.

"None to-night, thank you."

"Please, sir—"

"Well?"

"I got to obey orders. They told me to leave it." There was a kind of murmur from behind the dark panels. Then the key clicked, and Mr. Ruley's face showed in a narrow opening of the door.

It was so stern—that stony-looking face with its hollow, feverish eyes and tufts of brows and frayed ends of rumpled hair—that Gracie uttered a little gasp of alarm. Mr. Ruley stared distantly at her, and his long nostrils dilated. He made a sudden movement as if to shut the door again, but Grace put herself in the way.

"Woman—" began Mr. Ruley, sternly. Gracie's blood rose.

"Bear in mind that I'm not your daughter. You can't call *me* names. I've never taken abuse from any one, and I won't from you! Here's your beef tea. I guess it ain't very hot, but I had trouble enough to get it as it is. But Elizabeth—"

"I refuse to hear any more."

"Unless you're going to shut the door on my hand, you'll have to. I'm not afraid of you—I have been, but I'm not now. I don't respect you enough to be afraid. No, not if you *are* a preacher!—a preacher!" she repeated, in an accent of irony, "why, if you were the One you preach about you couldn't set yourself up any higher! For even *He* isn't too holy to forgive folks that slip up once and again, and *you* are. Your own flesh and blood, too! That makes it worse. It isn't because Elizabeth has sinned against God that you carry on like this, and won't speak to her, and starve yourself to death, and have folks trailing across a wet court-yard to make you beef tea in a big empty kitchen where there's mice running around—it's because she's sinned against *you*. It isn't piety that's got you—it's pride. That's all I got to say. I didn't expect to open my mouth. I didn't dream I'd dare to. And I got a queer, shaky feeling in my hands this minute. Take this cup, quick!"

Gasping a little with excitement, she thrust the cup into his hand and turned away. Half-way down the corridor she glanced back. The door of Mr. Ruley's room was still open, and Mr. Ruley himself, drawn to some petrifaction of anger or amazement, stood rooted in the space. His eyes were fixed upon her own retreating figure. The storm within seemed to render him unaware of the clash and roar of the storm without.

"Oh, he's awful!" sighed Grace, aghast to remember what she had said to the old man.

After midnight the wind seemed somewhat to abate. People timorously sought their beds, and Wade presently went also to his room. It was still very early in the morning when he woke to find a dawn of dazzling primrose unfolding in the storm-free sky. But, though it was yet barely day, a crowd appeared to be gathering on the beach, and observing the hurrying midgelike figures to the left of the upper board walk, Wade decided that perhaps the life-saving station had been called to service by some disabled ship off the bar.

He dashed into his clothes. The halls looked dark. No one was stirring, but as the young man turned the stair's first landing he saw a figure laboriously coming along the passage below.

It took Wade another glance to determine the shuffling form as that of Mr. Ruley. The old preacher fingered the wall as he advanced, and a ray of amber light striking through a window at the end of the hall gave his face an unearthly kind of glow. His very garments had that air of laxity and unfitness which a dead man's attire sometimes shows in accommodating itself to stiff limbs. But it was his expression rather than any details of his garb or gait which gave Wade a sense of chill.

His gaze was very gentle, but its mildness bore to the young man's mind no intimation of benignity. It was hardly a spiritual conformation at all, but more like a passive fleshly mood, as if the spiritual had gone, or had utterly given over control of the body.

"Is it you?" he said to Wade. "I—was looking for some one—"

"Your daughter?" suggested Wade, as the old man fastened upon his strength with a kind of clinging satisfaction.

"My daughter?—yes. Yes, I believe so. I wanted some one. It is not good for so old a man to be left alone." He had turned, and was guiding Wade down the passage. On the threshold of his room a few scraps of broken china lay.

"I dropped it," he said. "The cup she brought me—the dancing-girl."

"Gracie?"

"I believe so. She spoke to me—of many things. I cannot recall them; of Elizabeth—the child of my old age—a repentant sinner. I should like to recall what she said, but it's been so long now, I—I can't. I have suffered much. But it is God's great tenderness, His unceasing—unceasing love that leaves my faculties clear and—and strong through all this stress. In green pastures—and by still waters—but I was speaking of the dancing-girl—not Salome—this other one. The mighty fall. And through His loving-kindness the weak things of this world—the weak things prevail. He prepareth a table for me—He prepareth—a table—" He rambled on through an incoherency of scriptural allusion, referring often to his daughter, and rubbing his hands ceaselessly together as he sat on the bedside and smiled vaguely, and sometimes left off smiling to pluck soberly at a ray of sunshine flickering over his knee.

Under the dim abstraction of those peaceful eyes Wade's heart faltered to an aghast conviction of all that their roving glances meant. He had taken his last hurt, had Mr. Ruley. The tension had been too much for the mental fabric. If it had not snapped wholly asunder, at least its power had lost all elasticity. It had not rebounded from this final jerk of fate, but had settled to a sort of senile flaccidity.

"In the fulness of my years—a ripened shock—my dear one, my Bessie, is with me to—" The old man paused, with his mild gaze on the door. The knob had seemed to turn a little from the outside, as if in an experimentative hand. It clicked back as the door sprung open, revealing Elizabeth herself in the hall. Her eyes went wide at sight of Wade. Something like joy leaped to her face as she bent a swift gaze on her father and saw his placidity of brow. It seemed to flash upon her that this unexpected mildness of feature was in some sort due to the young man—that he, perhaps, had mediated for her.

"Oh," she cried, "*you*, you have done this!" And clasping her father, she sobbed, "You forgive me, then!—and *he* has brought it about! Oh, I'm glad it was he!" Mr. Ruley's countenance exhibited a struggling comprehension.

"Our young friend, Mr. Wade?" he asked. "Yes, I remember not long since when I—I—you had done something to offend me—he upheld you—I remember it all very well." He stroked his daughter's hair as he spoke, but something in his words or manner startled her. She drew back. The vacant amiability in the old man's regard of her appeared to strike her to the soul. She turned almost wildly to Wade.

"What is it?" she breathed. "Doesn't he *know* me? Oh—"

"Know you?" repeated Mr. Ruley, with gentle reproach. "Certainly. Though you grow so tall, Bessie! and your long curls?—cut off—all cut off—mm! A pity!" She rose. She seemed about to fall, and Wade, rising also, drew her face upon his shoulder. In that moment of utter weakness and desperate realization she had no objections, no scruples, no provisions against the love she had been able in lesser straits to renounce. She merely clung to Wade, speechlessly, blindly.

"A good child," murmured the old man, with an eye of remote approval. "'Sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.'" His face clouded a little. "You will be kind to her?" he asked Wade, with a kind of doubt. "If I remember well I have sometimes been severe, somewhat severe, with this cherished daughter of mine. But I thought I was right."

"Father, you *were* right!"

"I believe I was," quavered Mr. Ruley, brightening up. "I executed justice. I was right. But," he added, in a mildly querulous fashion, "what difference does it make, anyway?"

The sun was shining now with blinding radiance. White-caps danced along the sea, which, still upheaved, flashed like a dolphin's back scaled with silver. Among the loose and shattered timber of the ocean walk throngs were gathering, discussing the ravages of the storm, laughing, chattering as gayly as ever. Everything wore a jocund aspect, a cheeriness such as hangs upon the subsidence of peril or disaster. The tempest had passed, and it was well with the blithe summer city.

But beached below the last pavilion a wrecked vessel lay black and crushed, with a shattered mast lunging across it into the sand. It spoke a mute tale of stress and anguish and stifled prayers and futile effort. It was tragic enough; yet children clambered over it, shouting joyously, incoming waves wreathed it with blossomy white, and here and there wet patches of the battered hulk mirrored what it had never rendered back while it stoutly rode the seas—little glimpses of the blue sky that shines over all mortal things.

THE END.

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

THE national capital was for one week, beginning August 27th, in the possession of an army of some twelve thousand plumed Knights of Pythias, a fraternal order inspired by motives of friendship, charity, and benevolence. Under the shadow of the Washington Monument, in the Smithsonian Reservation, a camp of some two thousand tents had been erected, the white city laid off in regular order, with wide avenues between the rows of tents, street designations marking the passages, and huge stacks of cots and bedding ready to be issued to the Pythian regiments as they should arrive.

At Convention Hall on Monday evening there was a brilliant reception by the citizens' committee that prepared the encampment to the Supreme Lodge of the order. An address of welcome was spoken by Vice-President Stevenson, and the freedom of the city and the encampment was extended by those who had arranged the accommodations for the expected crowd. By Tuesday morning the railroads had brought to Washington some 75,000 strangers, and of this number about 12,000 were Knights of Pythias of the Uniformed Rank.

All Knights of Pythias are not of the Uniformed Rank. The order of Knights of Pythias numbers nearly 470,000 members, but of the Uniformed Rank there are about 43,000. The visitors to Camp Washington on Monday found that the knights are soldiers in camp; that they can set up their kits and supply their messes with the skill of National Guardsman, and get along at once without depending for sustenance upon hotels or boarding-houses. They are also soldiers of great skill in marching, as the street throng had opportunity to discover on Tuesday, when the parade and review by the President were seen.

Pennsylvania Avenue was crowded along the line of march at four o'clock, the time appointed for the head of the line to move from Seventeenth Street, west of the White House, to the eastward. With great promptness President Cleveland was in the little stand set up in front of the Executive Mansion exactly on the hour. The procession did not move until a few minutes later. At its head rode Major-General James A. Carnahan, who commands the Uniformed Rank of the entire world. With him were the general staff, an imposing throng of brigadier-generals in uniforms rich with gold braid, and wearing chapeaux with black plumes. Then for nearly two hours there was an uninterrupted tramping of men in white helmets and red plumes, varied by occasional regimental officers with plumes of black and white, and company officers whose plumes were of white and red.

The President greeted Major-General Carnahan and his staff as they saluted by raising his silk hat, and after that it was regularly raised as the flag of the United States was carried by. A Toronto regiment marched behind a color-bearer carrying the British flag. It was a modest ensign in size, and yet most persons saw it. The President did not. But he never failed to see the flag of his own nation. He enjoyed the parade, and there was occasionally a humorous side of it to him when some officer, more curious than the majority, disregarded the rule to look straight ahead, and gave him a fixed stare and a good-natured but unmilitary smile.

The busy life in camp attracted thousands of visitors to see the knights at home, and to witness the drills that were held from day to day preparatory to the competition for prizes of money and the reputation of superior excellence. Among the most interesting objects about the camp were the mascot goats brought by a Kansas regiment, the stuffed alligators worn on the caps of the Florida knights, mascot dogs of varying degrees of intelligence and ugliness, and the mounted ox horns carried in the procession by the big knights from Texas. Of brass bands there was no end, and the Alton Band drew crowds for blocks to inspect their showy uniforms after the hussar style, shakos of black, white jackets trimmed with black cords, jaunty little cloaks of white with black cords hanging from the shoulders, skin-tight breeches, and black top-boots. There was a division of mounted knights at the end of the procession. They carried sabres instead of the dress-swords worn by the knights afoot.

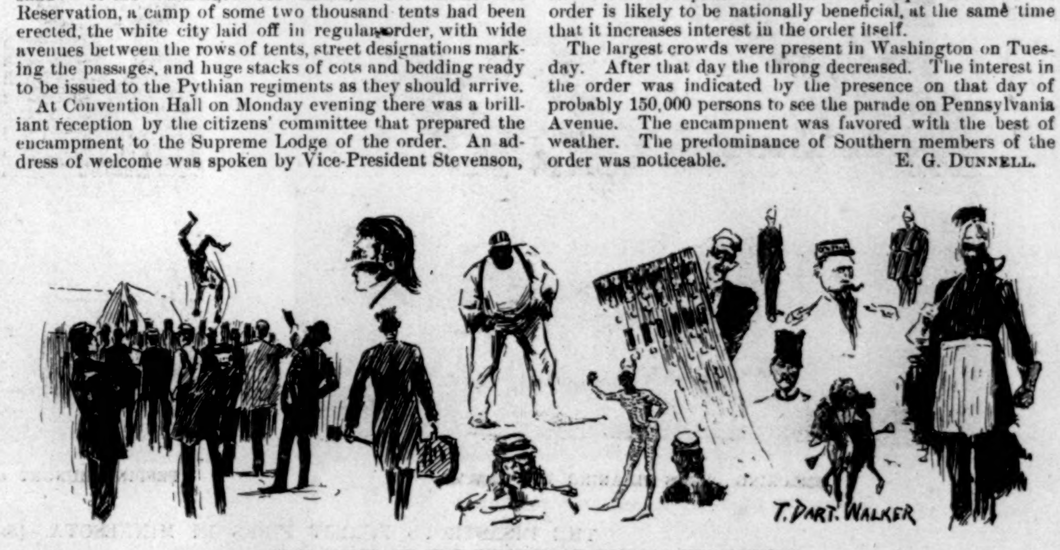
On Wednesday afternoon there was a review of the knights in the grassy oval immediately behind the White House, four thousand of the uniformed men passing before the reviewing officer. At night there was an illumination of the city in honor of the visiting knights, and Pennsylvania Avenue was illuminated. The dome of the Capitol was a blaze of electric lights, from the top of the head of Crawford's statue of "America" to the base of the structure. A merry throng of people lingered on the avenue to enjoy the sight and to watch the progress of an industrial parade.

Washington is entitled to the company of the Knights of Pythias occasionally, and the city may become the regular resort of the order for encampments and conventions, for it was in this city that the order was established. Justus H. Rathbone, born in Deerfield, New York, in 1834, had found his way from Michigan (to which State he had gone to try his fortune) to the Union army, and afterward to Washington and the employment of the government, when in 1864, in a little room on F Street between Ninth and Tenth, he was instrumental in forming Washington Lodge of Knights of Pythias. He had conceived the idea of the order as long before as 1858, and it had been suggested by his reading of the play of *Damon and Pythias*. Rathbone twice dropped from the order and returned to it before his death, which occurred in Washington in 1889.

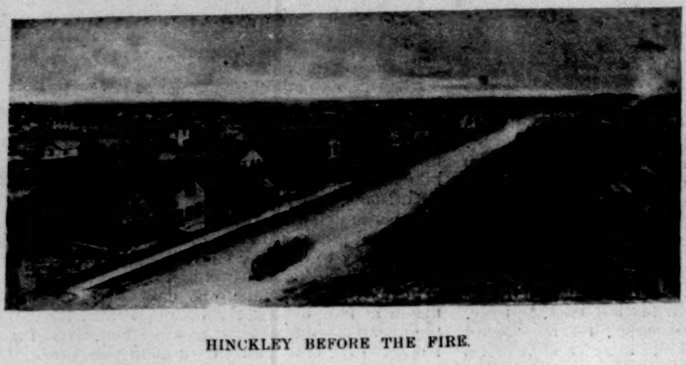
Intense interest and pride were manifested in the competitive drills, held at the Baseball Park from day to day, beginning on Wednesday. About fifty commands were in the competition. The criticism to which the competitors were subjected was severe, including not only the closest inspection of uniforms and appointments, but accuracy in the giving of orders, uniformity in obedience to them, and celerity in performance. General Carnahan, who is an old soldier, and who is the organizer of the Uniformed Rank, believes that this pride in the soldierly acquirements of the order is likely to be nationally beneficial, at the same time that it increases interest in the order itself.

The largest crowds were present in Washington on Tuesday. After that day the throng decreased. The interest in the order was indicated by the presence on that day of probably 150,000 persons to see the parade on Pennsylvania Avenue. The encampment was favored with the best of weather. The predominance of Southern members of the order was noticeable.

E. G. DUNNELL.



SOME NOTES ON THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS ENCAMPMENT.



HINCKLEY BEFORE THE FIRE.

THE PRESENT SITE OF HINCKLEY—THE RELIEF TENTS.

SEARCHING PARTY GATHERING UP REMAINS.

BURYING THE DEAD—90 IN ONE TRENCH UNIDENTIFIED.

THE SAND PIT WHERE MANY FOUND SHELTER.

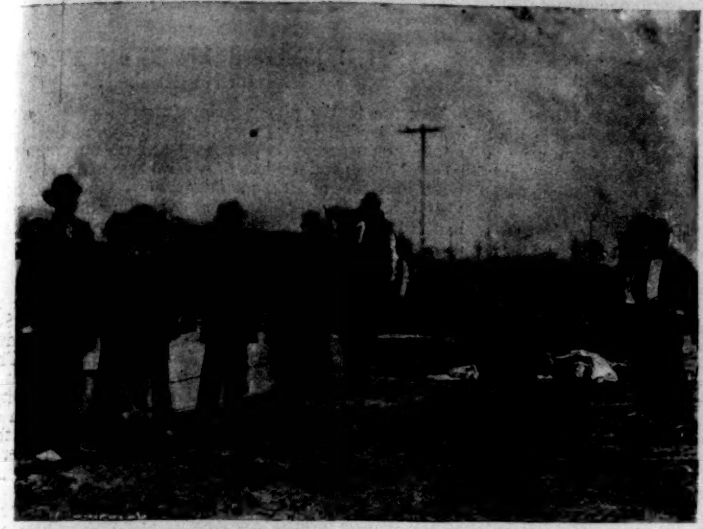
BURNED DISTRICT SURROUNDING THE TOWN.

WRECKING CREWS CLEARING THE TRACKS.

FEEDING HUNGRY SURVIVORS AT HINCKLEY, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.

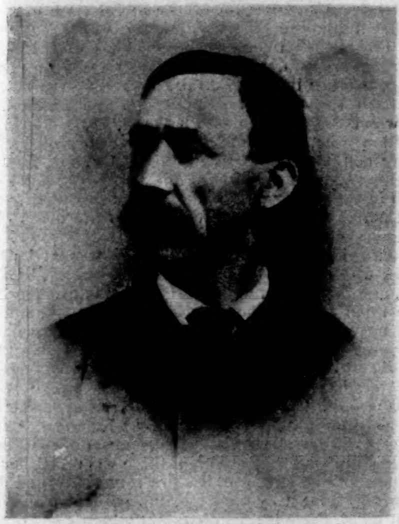
THE DISASTROUS FOREST FIRES IN MINNESOTA.—[See Page 882.]

Scenes in and near Hinckley, which was entirely destroyed.



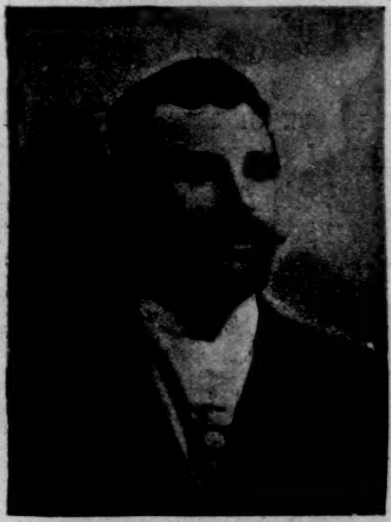
AMID THE RUINS.

SEARCHING FOR RELATIVES IN THE DEATH TRENCH.



JAMES ROOT, THE ENGINEER
Of Engine "69," St. Paul and Duluth R.R.

HORSES THAT ESCAPED THE FIRE.



JOHN McGOWAN, THE FIREMAN
Of Engine "69," St. Paul and Duluth R.R.

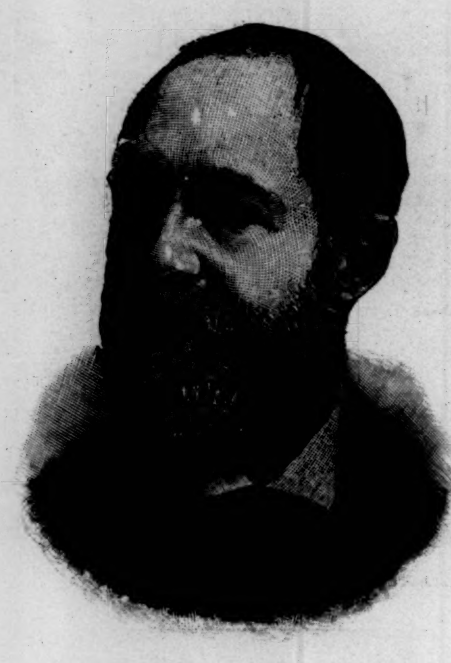
RUINS OF A LARGE HARDWARE STORE.

FINDING THE REMAINS OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY.

WHERE THE RAILWAY STATION STOOD.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION BRINGING IN BODIES.

THE DISASTROUS FOREST FIRES IN MINNESOTA.—[See Page 882.]
Scenes in and near Hinckley, which was entirely destroyed.



THE LATE LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE DEATH OF THE COUNT OF PARIS.

At Stowe House—a quiet English country place—le Comte de Paris, Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, heir and grandson of a King of France, died at 7.40 o'clock on the morning of September 8th. About his bedside were gathered the members of his family, and the servants of his household, by whom he was beloved. Death was most-welcome to the sufferer, who for many days had struggled bravely but uselessly, with the end clearly before his eyes.

In America the Count of Paris occupied a position unique among the descendants of the crowned heads of Europe. He had worn the uniform of our country, and had served with distinction as an aide on the staff of General McClellan, suffering the hardships and enduring the dangers of the campaigns and battles of the rebellion, proving himself a brave man and a fine soldier. At the battles of Fair Oaks and Gaines Mill his courage and his loyalty to his adopted cause were put to the test, and he won praise from rank and file. He was born in Paris August 24, 1838, his father being Ferdinand, one of the four sons of Louis Philippe, last King of France. His son, to whom he resigned the title of Duc d'Orléans, survives him. With the latter lie the dead hopes of the Orléanists.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

Success in life, as Walter Pater understood it, was to keep intensely alive. In his *Renaissance* he exclaims: "How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." One might go far and look closely and not find so striking an example of this sort of success as the late George Inness. His two co-operating interests were art and theology, and between them he was able to maintain the ecstasy Mr. Pater speaks of in an extraordinary intensity. "People ask me," said Mr. Inness, "why I keep on, old as I am—for I am seventy—and I say, simply because of a principle beyond me that goes on outside of me in developing higher and higher forms of truth." To maintain one's working energies at seventy is not so rare as to be surprising, but to continue at that age to be progressive is certainly uncommon, and as admirable as it is unusual. All the recent biographers and eulogists of Inness seem to be agreed that he was progressive up to the last day he lived.

It seems to be true, and if it is true it is rather melancholy, that no one—certainly no American—shows nowadays the sort of progressive devotion to poetry that Inness gave to painting. Since Tennyson died there has been no eminent English-writing professional poet—no one whose chosen calling was the expression of truth in verse, and who followed that calling from strength to strength. It may be that it is not a calling that is susceptible of that sort of devotion, or that its pecuniary rewards are too meagre to encourage it, or that devotion to it does not bring improvement. This last possibility is the most disheartening, and yet there seems to be sound basis to it. As birds sing best at daybreak, poets seem often to reach their highest level in their youth. Bryant, with "Thanatopsis" and the lines "To a Sea-fowl," done in his boyhood, might always be used as a warning to eager souls not to devote themselves to an art at which too many men have done their best before they had time to learn how. Yet there is still Tennyson to remember, who chose to be a poet, and was a poet, and kept on being a poet and nothing else as long as he lived, and even made his calling support him. He really did devote himself to poetry, as Inness did to painting, with an exclusiveness that no American of his generation quite equalled, though Longfellow and Whittier approached it, especially in their later years.

Mr. Walter Pater, it would seem, will be more acutely missed as a man than as a writer. Many more readers know about him as an essayist and a critic with a style and following than actually know him by personal experience of his work. Oxford, which knew him best, knew him as an effectual personality that stood for a certain definite view of life. He was a lion there, and one of the most valued of the Oxford collection. Shorn lately of much glory by the death of Jowett, Oxford could ill spare Pater, who should, indeed, have served her for another full score of years. For a distinguished Oxford man to die at fifty-five seems a sadly premature relinquishment of privileges and honors.

Dr. Holmes at eighty-five sets, as ever, an admirable example. If he is not the leading old man in America, it would be hard to know where to look for the incumbent of that part, unless, indeed, it be assigned to Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. Dr. Furness is much more venerable than Dr. Holmes, and about equally jocund and lively, but he is not an autocrat, and an autocrat of eighty-five outranks any ordinary elder, even a centenarian. It is reassuring to find, as appears in Dr. Holmes's letter at the time of the Bryant centennial, that he has a practical appreciation of what is fit behavior for gentlemen of eighty-five. Bryant, he said, might have lived into his ninth or tenth decade, if it had not been that, being in dangerously good health, he forgot the limitations of threescore and ten. Perhaps we should rejoice that Dr. Holmes's own health, though better than it has been, is not so dangerously robust as to tempt him to rash adventures.

Not the least of the achievements of Celia Thaxter was her demonstration of the possibilities of staying at home. For a few years after her marriage in 1851 she spent part of her time in Boston, but after her husband's death she lived permanently at Appledore, as she had in her childhood and youth. In these days, when it is so common a sentiment that not to live in a city is not to live, an instance of a woman of ability who could live her life out to her satisfaction not only out of town, but almost out of sight of the American continent, is too valuable to be overlooked. But Mrs. Thaxter never has been overlooked. The world came to her in the summer-time, and watched her and marvelled more or less at her, and went away again and read her verses.

According to the newspaper reports, Dr. Koch is confident of the value of his new remedy for diphtheria. He had hopes of his consumption cure, but never committed himself to its endorsement, and if he really guarantees the new discovery's infallibility it ought to be some good. "Pasteur" is at present a better name to have blown in the glass of the cure-bottle than "Koch," but any man who can beat diphtheria will do humanity a good turn and will be gratefully regarded. To die is not always objectionable, but to die of diphtheria invariably goes against the grain, even with people the fittest to go.

A correspondent writes from Cummington, Massachusetts, to complain of this department of the Weekly for speaking of Bryant as a native of the Berkshire Hills. Cummington, Bryant's birthplace, is in Hampshire County, and this expostulant protests against any confusion of the two counties, their hills, poets, or other attributes, averring that the Berkshire people in their pride and greediness are already too much disposed to claim as theirs everything in western Massachusetts that it is a distinction to possess. To the rest of the country "Berkshire Hills" may include all the hills within fifty miles of Lenox, but in Hampshire County "Berkshire Hills" means the hills in Berkshire County and no others.

What is a "team"? Is it an animal hitched to a wagon, or two or more animals and a wagon, or simply two animals which are harnessed up together? Does the word include the vehicle? An exiled Bostonian, writing from Nebraska to a Boston paper, confesses his humiliation when, upon remarking that a "team" had been left in the street, he was told by a cowboy that he meant a wagon. He admits that the cowboy was right, and so it seems here. In the State of New York, where a high standard of language prevails, "team" properly includes the animals, if more than one, which haul a vehicle, but not the vehicle itself; but improperly it is used to designate any animal or animals hitched to any vehicle. It is not used, however, to designate the vehicle without the animals, as seems sometimes to be the case in New England. A synonyme for team in its degenerate sense in New York State is "rig." In the more objectionable phases of newspaper English a horse and buggy are invariably a "rig," and livery-stablemen and farmers' boys employ the same brief and comprehensive term to almost any vehicle drawn by anything on four legs.

It seems to be the destiny of the nimble bicycle to bring again under human observation that important part of the world that railway trains pass by without stopping. Word comes from England that many of the old road inns where stage-coaches used to stop, and which had lost their custom and fallen into decay, are beginning to revive under the bicyclist's patronage. To travel on a bicycle through an interesting country where the roads are good must afford a recreation of extraordinary merit. Such is the testimony of people who have tried it; but the realization of its quality is hardly possible except to persons who have actually bestridden the two-wheeled chariot and made it proceed over the crust. To poke around where one will, without being under compulsion either to follow iron rails or to be limited by the cost or disabilities of horses, must really go some ways toward giving one an idea of the convenience of having wings.

In an astronomical paragraph published in this department of the Weekly nearly two months ago reference was made to the observatory lately established in Arizona by Mr. Percival Lowell, of Boston, as a "branch of the Harvard Observatory." It appears, however, that Mr. Lowell's observatory has no connection with the Harvard Observatory, but that he has himself retained entire and exclusive control of it. He has located it near Flagstaff, and equipped it with two telescopes, one of eighteen inches aperture, and one of twelve inches. His two assistants, Professor W. H. Pickering and Mr. Douglas, were formerly connected with the Harvard Observatory, but left it to share Mr. Lowell's labors at Flagstaff. It is this fact perhaps which has given rise to the very general impression of an official connection between Mr. Lowell's enterprise and Harvard University. It is an unusual thing for a man to establish and maintain an observatory for his personal entertainment, when for the same money he might have a very good yacht. But Mr. Lowell has tastes of his own, one of them being a remarkable aptitude for mathematics, and he finds more fun in stargazing and the computations incident thereto than in yachting. His special purpose just now is to keep an eye on Mars, which will soon be in opposition, at which time it gives the best chance for scrutiny. Mr. Lowell is well known as a traveller, and has published a book on Korea, which he explored with unusual thoroughness four or five years ago.

E. S. Marti

THE FOREST FIRES IN THE NORTHWEST.

The fire in the pine woods of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, which began some weeks ago, and which culminated on Saturday, September 1st, in the burning of several small towns and the loss of several hundred lives, was the most disastrous of all the conflagrations which year by year visit this timber region. For nearly four months no rain had fallen over a very large portion of the State of Minnesota. The tall grass which grows shoulder high in the clearings and along the morasses in the woods had become as dry as tinder, and the undergrowth in many cases was fully as inflammable. The pine forests themselves, sapful though their giants are, cannot withstand the terrible heat when once the fire is under way in the woods.

The full extent of the damage done will never be known. The loss of life, too, will remain a secret till the resurrection day. So far there have been found some 400 bodies, though the total death list will be about 450. Some of them were found along banks of shallow ponds, where the people had fled for safety; some were found in cellars, where the houses had burned over their heads, and where the smoke had suffocated them; some were found in ghastly family groups in the burned towns; some were found in the gaunt charred forests far from habitations, driven before the terrible cyclone of flame, only to find relief in death. In many cases the bodies were burned crisp, rendering identification impossible, and the stories which come from all over the devastated region of the awful state of many of the bodies found are too grewsome for print.

The fire burned over two large tracts of land—one in northern Wisconsin, near the southern shore of Lake Superior, the other in a region about seventy-five miles due north from the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. The wind when the fire was at its fiercest was blowing at a tremendous rate, and the fire spread with frightful rapidity. Nothing could escape it when once it had full freedom of movement, as in some of the tamarack swamps, where the growth of timber, though thick, is still made up of slenderer trees than those which are devoted to the needs of commerce.

On Saturday, September 1st, the fire was at its height, burning up completely the towns of Hinckley, Sandstone, Miller, and Pokegama. These were all small lumber towns, whose main support was the lumber industry, and which would never have been in existence but for this industry. The average lumber town in this immense pine area is located in a little clearing in a part of the woods where the larger trees have been cut down. There is, usually, no open country around it, no pasturage, no farming land—nothing for miles upon miles but a dense pine forest on every side. No words can describe the enormous power of the fires when once they are under headway in these woods. They travel with the rapidity of the prairie fire sometimes, and where a town is surrounded by the trees, and perhaps with a morass near at hand, there is no human aid which can prevent the town being wiped out. Of course in some cases there was an attempt at local prevention of the fire, but the ordinary lumber town fire apparatus is usually none of the most effective, and in the case of the present fires absolutely useless.

The loss of life at Hinckley was about 275; at Sandstone, 60 to 70; at Miller, 12; at Pokegama, 28; in the lumber regions near the towns about 50.

The experiences through which the people passed in fleeing from the flames were thrilling in the extreme. One of the most exciting of all the experiences was that encountered by the passengers on board a train on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. The train, a fast passenger, left Duluth Saturday afternoon. When near Hinckley the smoke became so dense that the head-light on the engine and the lamps in the train were lighted. The smoke continued to grow more dense, the heat from the woods became more intense, and panic was imminent among the passengers.

The conductor and train crew did all they could to calm the people, but when, shortly afterward, the train reached Hinckley, and that place was found to be on fire, with hundreds pressing about the train for succor, the strongest efforts were necessary to keep the people from rushing out of the cars to certain death in the flames. Engineer James Root, kept from burning to death by his fireman John McGowan, who threw water on him from the engine's tank, held the train in the awful heat until all the people that could be crowded on board were taken on, and then ran the engine back six miles through the smoke and flames to a desolate, ill-smelling swamp, where the people threw themselves into the shallow water. The train took fire and burned up, consuming with its contents two Chinamen who could not be made to leave the cars, and the heat from the burning train was very severe on the prostrate people in the dank swamp.

The larger number of them staid in the swamp mud and water for from four to six hours, by which time the fire had passed over them, and they were later rescued. When the flames were most severe the people crawled down into the filthy water, leaving only a portion of their faces exposed.

Another train on the Eastern Minnesota road, which crosses the St. Paul and Duluth at Hinckley, due at the same time, ran into the burning town, took on board 430 people, and backed out through the flames.

Engineer Root was brought to St. Paul suffering greatly from his burns, but was not dangerously injured. To his heroic handling of his train the passengers and the fleeing citizens, some 250 all told, owe their lives.

The loss of property in towns burned and timber destroyed will be several millions of dollars; it will be some considerable time before the exact amount is known. Relief parties were sent out from St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth on special trains into the heart of the devastated district to supply food and clothing, to give surgical aid, to hunt up the half-crazed refugees in the woods, and to bury the long rows of the dead, fast decomposing in the hot autumn sun. Pine City, about a dozen miles from Hinckley, was made the base of operations. There were many strange sights in this hospital town to which the injured were brought, and stranger ones still in Hinckley, not the least of which was the burial of over ninety charred and decomposing bodies in a long death-trench in the little cemetery near Hinckley. Two hundred and sixty-three bodies were buried in this cemetery, which had had but a half-dozen interments before.

W. S. Harwoo

"TRILBY."

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

THERE are people not a few who will remember the first half of 1894 not for the hard times, nor for the strikes, nor the yacht-races, nor any other thing of public interest or private concern, so much as for the pleasure they had in reading *Trilby*. Mr. George du Maurier deserves well of his period. He has given it a new delight in this exquisite story, so sparkling, so individual, so distinctly flavored by what we may call the humanities, at once jolly and pathetic, humorous and sad, a woof of tears and smiles and music. Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby* stands thus far by itself in magazine literature. Never before did the month intervening between instalments seem so long, nor did so many readers anxiously await the next development in a novel distinctly unsensational, for all its swinging pace, and as quietly told, on the whole, as if the author had been sitting in an easy-chair with his world gathered at his feet. And now the same readers are eagerly watching for the book, that they may call it their own.

One secret of *Trilby's* manifest charm is in the reality of the people, who are quite as alive as the men and women you meet in society or pass on the street. Trilby's friends, and dear delicious Trilby herself, are as alive as the men and women in Homer, Shakespeare, and the Bible.

Among modern writers only Balzac and George Eliot—not even Thackeray, to whom Du Maurier sometimes has a flitting resemblance—have placed on the printed page characters so instinct with flesh and blood, so wrought upon by the passions, pleasures, and pains common to us all.

It remains for any one else to do so finely as Du Maurier has here done one special thing. In depicting the friendship of man for man, as in Taffy and Little Billee, he has neither rival nor peer outside of that immortal page which relates the love of David and Jonathan.

Trilby as a heroine is a marvellous creation. Beloved of all men, she captivates by sheer childlike unconsciousness, never by artifice or design. This large, fair, goddess-like woman is innocent of coquetry. It never occurs to her to seek to make an impression. She has the naïveté of a baby, with the simple grace of one born to the purple. There is the blood of the thoroughbred in her, and the strength of an ancient line, though she comes by it through the left hand, and the daughter of the boatman on the Highland loch has conferred on her the distinction that nature, the free air, the sunlight, the sea, can give her children. All this contradicts our traditions, is dead against law and order. We would fain have our lily without these roots struck deep into primitive passion, and growing from love which took to itself license without "benefit of clergy"; but it is part of Du Maurier's wonderful art to dare to represent an existing phase of life in this plain fashion.

What went before Trilby excuses and explains her. The clerical father, of good family, but given over to drink, who took as his wedded wife the beautiful French bar-maid, whose parents had never been married, and through whom Trilby was dimly allied to the charming Duchess of Towers in *Peter Ibbetson*, this father told his little girl to be "good." Through all Trilby's misadventures, through the days when she did as others of her class did in the Latin quarter, where the life was gay and unbridled, and women were sinned against as well as sinning, in spite of her irregular life, Trilby was good.

This is the conclusion which forces itself on the mind of the reader; she was good in the grain, refined of nature, though circumstances were cruel to her while she was young, undefended, and unawakened. Real impurity, strange as it may seem, never touched Trilby's own self. She belonged to the sinned-against.

This is the answer to the comments and criticisms which some of those good people who take everything at the foot of the letter have not been slow to make. "Are these the ideals to set before my sons?" says one conscientious mother anxiously. "Are my young daughters to read of a girl who has lost her virtue, yet who fascinates every one she meets?" cries another. "Is this sort of French novel fit for family reading?" exclaims a third.

To all of which we reply: Du Maurier is not preaching a sermon or pointing a moral in *Trilby*. He is painting a picture of a phase of life—painting no less with brush than with pen, for the beauty and wonder of the illustrations grow upon us as surely as does the bewitchment of the narrative, especially in the amazingly faithful portraitures of the last two chapters. One sees the waning of Trilby as one's heart breaks over the relentless inevitableness of her fate; and he or she, young or old, who reads here in picture and phrase to the very end, will have no temptation to sin. The austerest morality is gratified and satisfied by the ending of *Trilby*.

Nor need the anxious conserver of pure morals feel afraid of this book on any conventional ground. It is simply astounding that people who have condoned the inanities and vulgarities of certain recently popular novels—as, for example, *The Heavenly Twins*—should stand aghast at *Trilby*. A book does ill or good by its atmosphere. It must be judged by its intention. No seduction to evil comes from a book so pure in meaning as *Trilby*. Though translucently plain, it is never coarse. And no harm comes of turning the sunlight fully on that which is wicked. The surgeon's scalpel is here, and—at last—the water of life.

Then, too, the virility, the abounding joyousness, the contagion of youth, and the heartiness of friendship and the abandon of bohemia—how they hold us in thrall! How they bring back the young days to the elders—the days when nothing bore heavily, when hope allured, when every new day brought a new opportunity! The elixir of youth is in these pages. The story is so rollicking, its pace is so tremendous, its philosophy is so genial, it bears well the test of the really great book. It can be read more than once, with increasing satisfaction.

Hypnotism and kindred psychological problems are immensely attractive to most of us, and Du Maurier's use of mesmeric tools is masterly. And the music that all but sings itself in the type, and the song that we never heard, but which thrills us as if we had heard it in a dream, and the human nature, and the strong, straightforward, simple trust in God! How can too much be said of *Trilby* to those who have read it with comprehending intelligence? What can be said to those who are to be congratulated in that *Trilby* is still theirs to read *de novo?*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE SUCCESSFUL ASPIRANT.

An unfledged scribe blessed with a hopeful heart
Approached one day the sacred shrine of Art.
"Madam!" cried he, still panting from his climb,
"I've made this journey, not to waste your time—
You must, I'm sure, find quite enough to do
With all these worthies paying court to you—
Nor yet to spend my strength on sighs and oaths;
I'm merely here to beg *a few old clothes!*"

So spake the youth; and as no answer came
To mark a jealous nature in the Dame,
He felt no further sign of grace was needed,
And, taking breath and courage, thus proceeded:

"I serve a mistress, as perhaps you know—
I mentioned it to friends some months ago—
A mistress, plain, hard-featured, I confess,
But a fine bouncing female none the less.
Still.... to present her to the public view
I'd like to dress her up to look like you;
Just a neat cloak of romance, fringed with rhymes—
You must have seen it done a thousand times;
The public's a queer customer, I find,
And wants its headsmen, even, to its mind;
In brief, I trust you'll act a sister's part
And clothe Reform in the chaste garb of Art."

"Hold!" cries the much-tried lady. "Can it be
You come with such a suit as this to me?
Not by cool claims and news of prior vows
Your fathers sought the laurel for their brows!
Marry your long-nosed goddess if you choose,
But don't ask me to make her a tenth Muse.
Reform!—I've heard the name. Announce her, do,
Or, by my faith, she'll make her own debut;
Present her as she is—half clothed and grim,
Fierce, swarthy, massive, scowling, large of limb;
Free to claim judgment by her just design,
Not tricked out in a misfit suit of mine.
Heavens! You can't suppose that I approve
Of foisting statecraft on mankind as love,
Wrapping your red-hot bombs in antique diction,
And sugar-coating Theory with Fiction?
Out of my sight! 'Tis what I most despise;
You'll take such nonsense elsewhere, if you're wise.
But learn this wholesome truth ere you depart:
Art serves no other ends than those of Art.
As to the frills and masks that tradesmen use,
Why—those old rags!—they get them of the Jews!"

Enough. Our aspirant, with a tingling face
Retired outparleyed from the hallowed place;
But thought this final hint too good to lose,
And shortly paid a visit to the Jews.
Or so I judge; for by the Prophet's beard,
Not two months since his masterpiece appeared;
And the wise critic—bless his faithful heart!—
Swears we have here the latest form of Art.

DORA READ GOODALE.

"VIGILANT" AND "BRITANNIA"

IN THE COWES AND RYDE TOWN CUP RACES.

FROM A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE race for the Cowes Town Cup on August 8th was sailed under unauspicious circumstances; owing to the very unsettled state of the weather, the wind during the early part of the day being from the west-northwest, while later on it backed to about west-southwest.

The yachts started with jack-yarders, and I have no hesitation in saying that they both, especially *Vigilant*, would have done better work had they donned their jib-headers in place of them, as *Britannia* originally had proposed to do.

Vigilant at the outset completely gave herself away, thus: The two yachts came up to the line on the starboard tack some few seconds after the last gun had gone, and *Britannia*, trusting to the chance of a slice of luck, viz., that *Vigilant* would go about at once, had placed herself on her lee beam, so that, being quicker in stays on most occasions, and also in gathering way afterwards, she might weather-bow her down to Lepe. *Vigilant* carried out the programme arranged for her to the letter, and tacked, to *Britannia's* delight, who accordingly held her the whole way down to the buoy. There was not the slightest necessity for *Vigilant* to have gone about at the time she did, and, to say the least of it, it was a decided error in judgment with the yachts in the position they were.

Vigilant's head-sails were chattering frequently on this part of the journey, and it became a squeeze at last to get round the buoy.

On the reach to the Noman Fort (the wind had now backed to W. S. W.) *Vigilant* nearly made up all she had lost on the trip to the westward, but on the way back to Cowes she again suffered from the pinching process, for her nose was kept continually pointing to *Britannia's* weather quarter. *Britannia*, on the other hand, was kept a clean full and by, and finally rather astonished the American by suddenly luffing right across her bow, and forereaching on her as well. *Vigilant*, no doubt, under certain conditions, can look up closer to the wind than *Britannia*, but it is often at the expense of travelling; still it is always a risky proceeding to sail a vessel shy, especially in our waters, and on a course closely bounded by land, such as the northern shore of the Isle of Wight, with the wind off it, as it was this day.

Vigilant suffered from the squalls and calms which the yachts experienced between Ryde and Cowes on this round. She lost way altogether in the calms, and the squalls striking her, instead of making her spring ahead, caused her to lie over at a very uncomfortable angle for a beamy boat and a very deleterious one for progression. *Britannia* did not appear to suffer in the same manner, and kept fairly upright under the trying state of affairs. I imagine it was because, somehow or other, she never seemed to come altogether to a full stop, and therefore, since the squalls did not catch her napping, they became a propelling rather than a depressing force to her.

The last point I have to notice took place on the way down to Lepe on the second round. It was a piece of ill luck for *Vigilant*. Her foresail burst away from the leach-rope, starting at the clew-cringle, and consequently had to be hauled down.

Nothing happened during the trip to the *Warner* and back home worth commenting upon; but, in my opinion, *Britannia's* win, when all is said and done, was not the out-and-out victory that some would lead us to suppose.

The start for the Ryde Town Cup, at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta, on Thursday, August 17th, was one of the finest that have taken place in the Solent this season. Three yachts—*Satanita*, *Vigilant*, and *Britannia*, crossed the line abreast, *Vigilant* being in the lee berth, and if everything had gone on smoothly it might have been anybody's race. Alas! *Vigilant* and *Britannia*, jealous as ever of each other, entered on a luffing match immediately the line had been crossed, and while occupied at this game, gave the race away to *Satanita*, who very quickly made use of her slice of luck, and showing a good pair of heels, left her two clever sisters a long way astern. *Vigilant* and *Britannia* were so intent on their occupation that by the time they had finished waiting on each other they had placed themselves so far to windward that, on paying off for the Nab, the run was so dead both yachts were frequently sailing by the lee. The consequence was *Satanita* arrived at the light-ship more than eleven minutes ahead of them—a distance, considering that it was

(*Continued on page 887.*)

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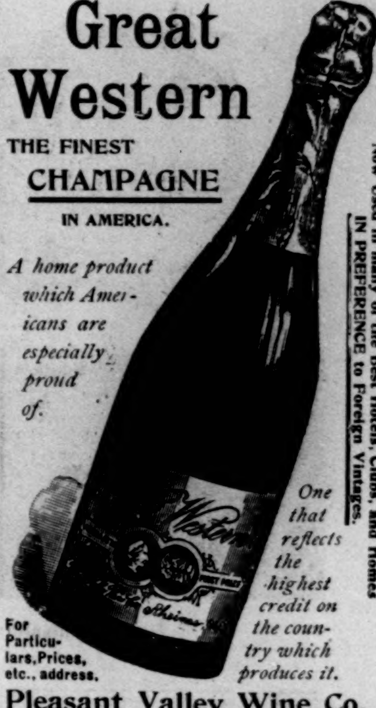

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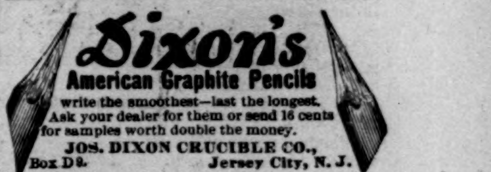

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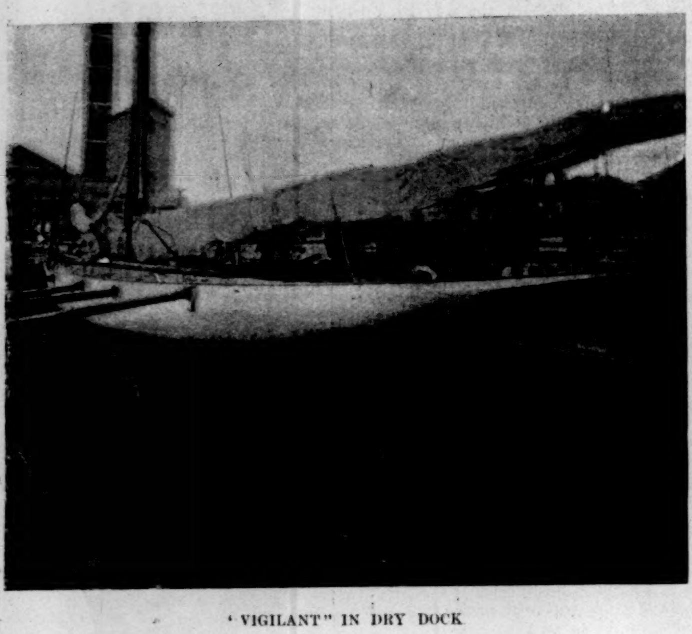
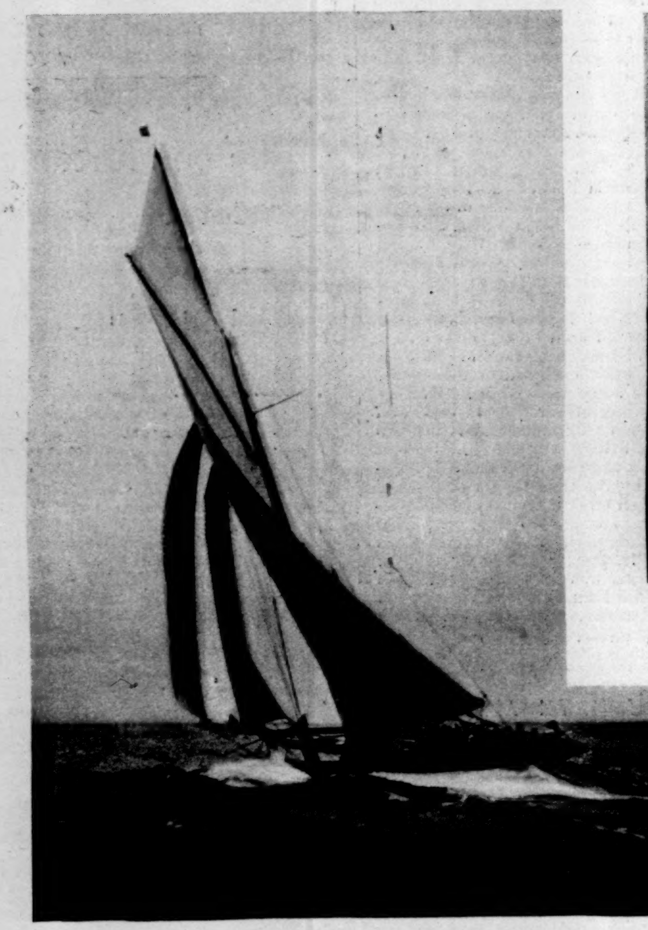
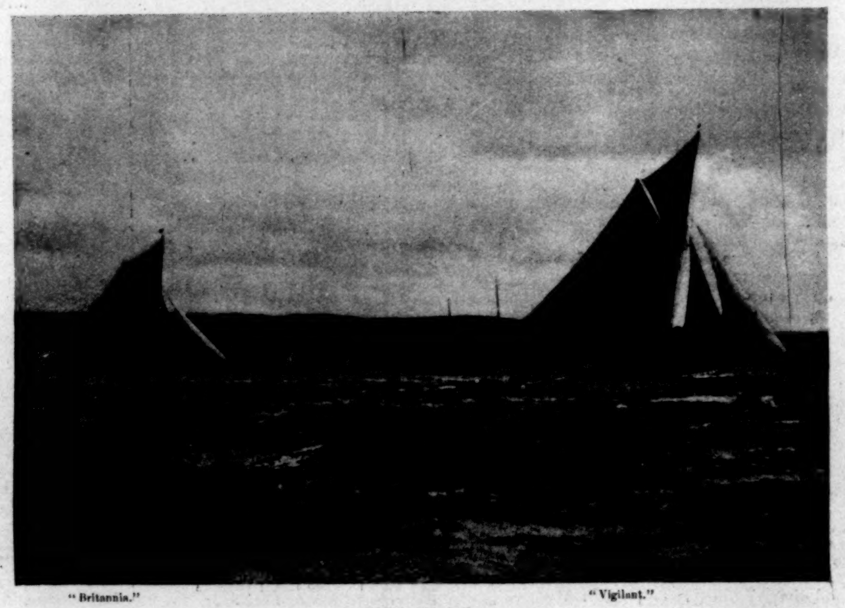


"VIGILANT" IN DRY DOCK.

"BRITANNIA" IN DRY DOCK.

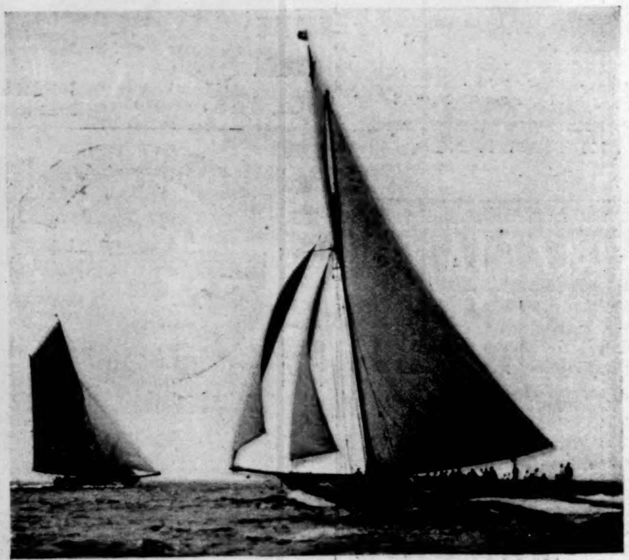


"VIGILANT" NEARING WARNER LIGHTSHIP.

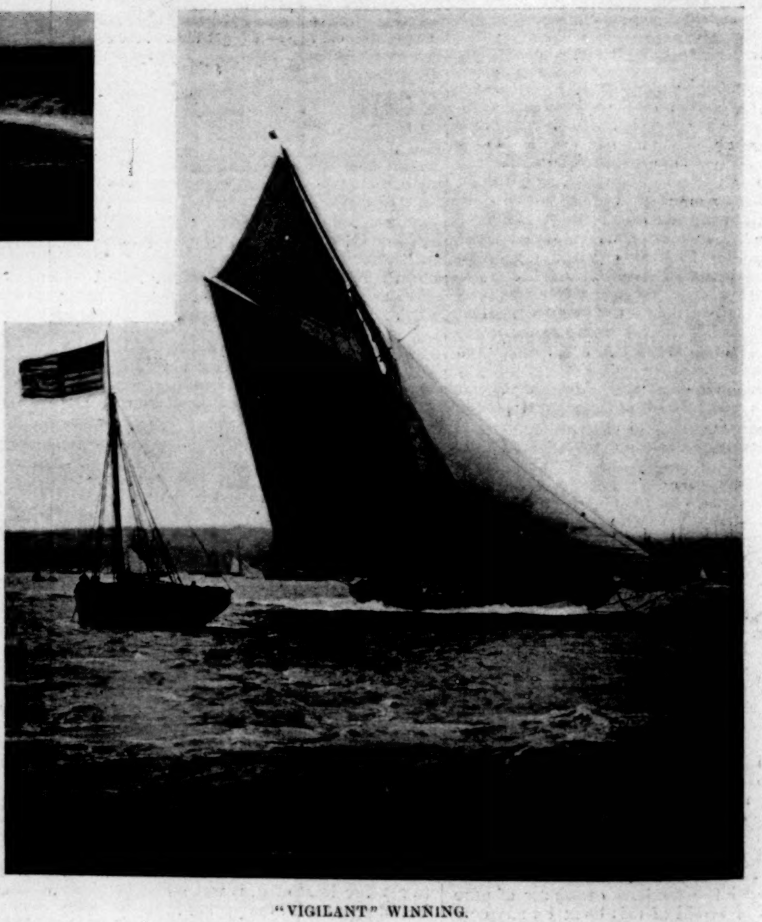


"Britannia." "Vigilant."

THE START.



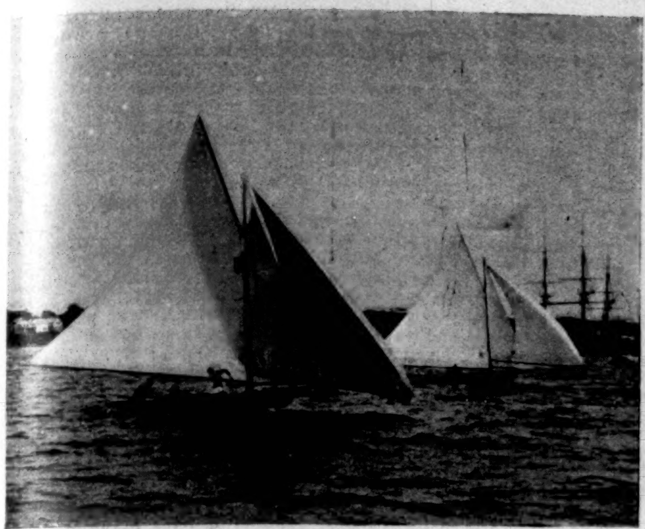
"VIGILANT" FIRST ROUNDING WARNER.



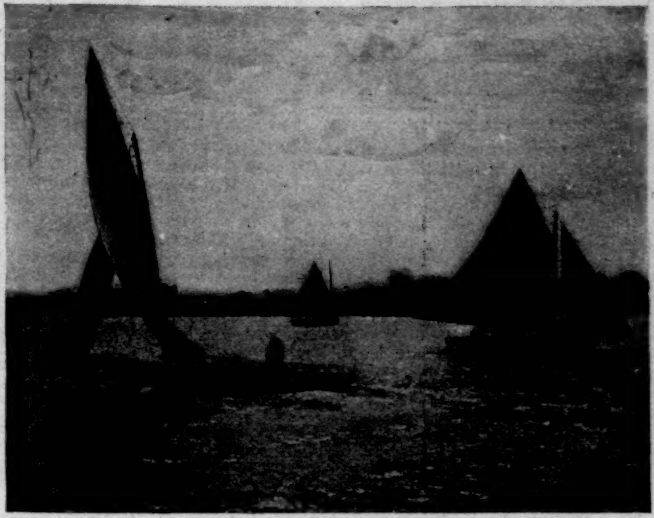
"VIGILANT" WINNING.

THE "VIGILANT"-"BRITANNIA" MATCH RACE IN THE SOLENT FOR £100 CUP, AUGUST 4TH.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 883.]



21-FOOTERS "ADELAIDE" AND "DOROTHY."



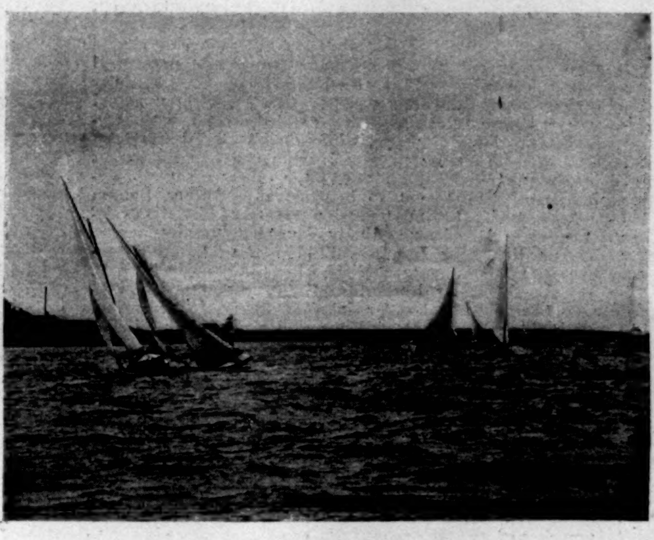
"HOURI" AND "ADELAIDE."

AMATEVR-SPORT

TO CONTEMPLATE "VIGILANT'S" FIRST SEASON in British waters with complacency requires a disposition more phlegmatic than that usually ascribed to the American as nationally characteristic. It is a popular weakness, by no means peculiar to the United States, to charge to bad luck whatever turns out contrary to preconceived expectations, yet while the element of luck does surely, to a certain degree, enter into all competitions, never in my observation has it figured to so great an extent as to influence results in a series of contests. Luck might operate in favor of one or the other of the competitors in a single struggle—and that is why we have races where the best two of three or three of five are considered decisive—but luck cannot explain away ten defeats in sixteen races, nor running on rocks in waters perfectly familiar to the pilot in charge. *Vigilant's* experience has been most unfortunate for more reasons than that she failed merely to win the majority of her races. The accidents to her centreboard have strengthened prejudice on the other side, and re-awakened criticism on this against the type she represents, both parties to the controversy seemingly ignoring the fact that the American racing yachts of the past few years have partaken of the best features of the modern craft, irrespective of nationality. We believe in the centreboard, and the results of our races have proved our faith well founded, but our designers have recognized the good in what has been known as the typical British cutter, and have not hesitated to utilize it. In fact, the evolution of the racing yacht shows each to have learned from the other, and English and American designers to have been drawing closer together in every *America's* Cup defender and challenger that has been launched. Therefore we can view with composure the approach of another heated debate over the centreboard *vs.* cutter, meanwhile advising parties to the discussion to bring their knowledge up to date before committing themselves to statements that have no bearing on the present situation.

WHAT WE CANNOT VIEW WITH composure, however, is that a yacht which had successfully defended the *America's* Cup, the blue ribbon of the ocean, in fair combat on an open course, that had proved herself peerless among her class, should have been subjected to racing on courses for which she was manifestly unfitted, and under conditions that grievously handicapped her. Yacht-racing of the present day is not only confined to a specially constructed class, but in the *America's* Cup races the defenders are designed with an especial purpose in view and for sailing on a particular course. It may be said, and with truth, that this tends to give us the mere racing-machine, an argument that has no bearing here, for racing on the water calls for the highest development of the yacht, just as on the track it demands the highest development of the horse for that purpose and no other. *Vigilant* was designed to race on our open courses, and not on the landlocked ones of Great Britain; she is not quick in stays, and with her beam and displacement and slowness to get in motion, was certain to be greatly handicapped in waters where tides and fickle airs made these qualities of twofold significance. That *Vigilant* under these circumstances should have done even so well as she did against the best yacht in the British kingdom, and one designed especially for home courses, proves her indeed to be a remarkable boat. With one exception she showed greater speed in every race where the wind was of a good racing quality and held true, and demonstrated beyond question that on an open course and in a steady breeze she was much the faster. It is deplorable indeed that her accidents necessitated postponement and final abandonment of the Cape May Cup race, which would have been her first opportunity of racing on a really open course and under conditions similar to those obtaining at home.

THERE IS NO DISPOSITION HERE to detract from *Britannia's* victories; on the contrary, the Prince of Wales's cutter has completed a most remarkable season's racing. That she is a very fast boat—much faster than was expected—is unquestioned, and conservative authorities on the other side agree that her '94 form not only betters her own of '93, but that of *Valkyrie* as well. Hence there is no occasion for the added mortification that being beaten by the second best would give. What further strengthens this opinion is the fact that *Vigilant* too, when she did get the breeze, sailed faster than last year, her speed, as shown in the average knots per hour, being greater than her record in the cup races off Sandy Hook. *Britannia* has been handled with excellent judgment and sailed superbly; her crew was trained, and acted with one accord; her pilot knew his business, and her captain made no mistakes.



21-FOOTERS "CELIA" AND "HOURI."
Start of Citizens' Cup Race, Newport.

There are no criticisms to be made on the *Britannia* nor her part in racing. The jockeying, which to us seems to be carried to extremes, appears, and naturally on courses where it counts for so much, to be a legitimate feature of English yacht-racing. It is our opinion that it has its limits in racing, and we should not care to see so much of it in home waters as obtains on British courses; but so far as can be learned from unprejudiced observers, *Vigilant* was not subjected to more of it than was seen in the *Britannia-Valkyrie* races last year. The withdrawal of the Victoria gold challenge cup by the Royal Yacht Squadron seems, at this distance, to have been a rather unprecedented and curious procedure—not so much in the withdrawal as in the manner of doing it. To have insisted that a challenge must be sent a certain number of months before the race would have been only following the example set by the New York Yacht Club in regard to the *America's* Cup; but to simply withdraw it for a year, with no provisions whatsoever, was a decided freak in yacht-racing legislation.

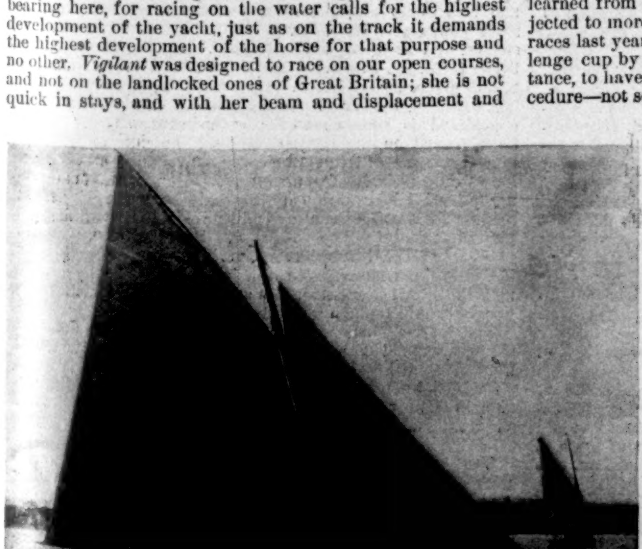
THERE IS ABUNDANT cause for criticism, however, in the very unsportsmanlike and altogether vituperative diatribes that have appeared in some of the English papers anent *Vigilant's* accidents. That they did not represent either English sportsmen or the English press does not lessen their coarseness. It is true that the management of *Vigilant* may have been annoying on one or two occasions, and her captain's infringement of English racing rules (in not luffing after calling for room) very exasperating; but to have suggested chicanery, or insinuated that the accidents were prearranged because of disinclination to race *Vigilant*, was grossly insulting, not only to Mr. Gould, but to American sportsmanship. Our despatches from the other side have had too many of these insinuations in them, and it would seem to be very clearly the duty of the New York Yacht Club, whose representative Mr. Gould was, to demand a formal statement of the facts from the Royal Yacht Squadron. We must not permit our sporting honor to be sullied even by club-room insinuations.

My trip to England last winter revealed to me two kinds of men in sport—the thoroughgoing sportsman and the cad—and each is an ideal of his kind, though the cad I found in such small numbers in the fields of amateur sport I was studying as to make him entirely beneath notice. Possibly he obtains more in yachting, though it would surprise me greatly if such be the case; and I incline to the opinion that querulous and unreliable (so far as sporting matters go) individual members of the British press, like the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Westminster Gazette*, are entirely responsible for the insulting suggestions.

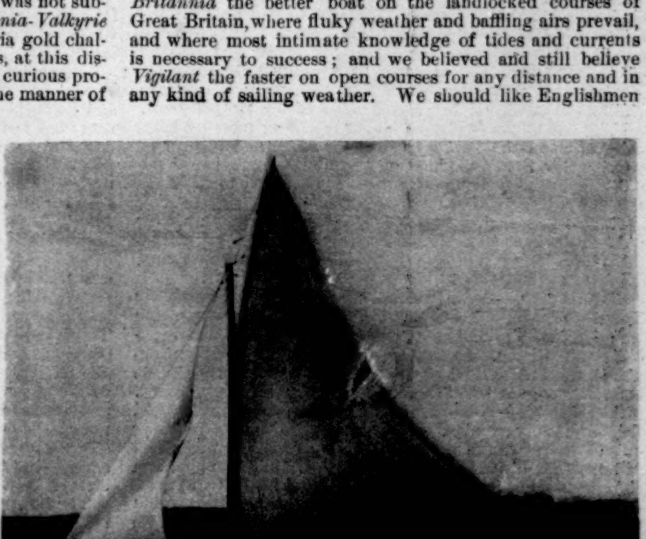
MR. GOULD HAS BEEN MUCH CRITICISED both abroad and at home—justly and unjustly—but we criticise him most strongly for his submitting to a special survey of *Vigilant* "for the purpose of proving the falsity of the rumors regarding the recent accident to that yacht's centreboard." Mr. Gould should have considered his word sufficiently convincing, and withdrawn his yacht if the Royal Yacht Squadron or the Prince of Wales requested an inspection to verify his report. Mr. Gould made his other mistake, in his excess of sportsmanship, in sailing *Vigilant* on courses where she was so obviously handicapped; *Navahoe's* experience in '93 ought to have carried a lesson with it; he should have made several matches over outside courses and gone into only a few of the regular regattas.

For the rest, he was a victim of crass stupidity on the part of those in charge of *Vigilant*. To have run on to the rocks with a pilot on board who is considered one of the best in British waters is incomprehensible. If we acted upon the *Pall Mall Gazette's* cue, we should conclude Tom Diaper, the pilot, either a knave or under the influence of liquor at the time. What the pilot was thinking of in allowing *Vigilant* in water where she was likely to strike, and where the heads of the captain and the rest were in jumping to the conclusion that the centreboard was at the bottom of the sea, when it was jammed in the trunk, are of those things which nobody knows. The fact is, they seem all to have been badly rattled and excessively stupid, and poor *Vigilant* was the victim.

Our advice to Mr. Gould is to keep *Vigilant* on the other side, and challenge *Britannia* next season for a *series* of three out of five races over an open course. It is the only thing left him to do, for this season leaves us with no more knowledge than we had at the beginning. We believed *Britannia* the better boat on the landlocked courses of Great Britain, where fluky weather and baffling airs prevail, and where most intimate knowledge of tides and currents is necessary to success; and we believed and still believe *Vigilant* the faster on open courses for any distance and in any kind of sailing weather. We should like Englishmen



39-FOOTER "ALERION"—ANOTHER CLASS DEPARTURE.



21-FOOTER "VAQUERO."

given a practical object-lesson, and depend on Mr. Gould to administer it.

Resumé of *Britannia-Vigilant* races—

	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.
Britannia	11	6	0
Vigilant	6	11	1
Satanita	1	1	1

July 5th.—"VIGILANT'S" FIRST RACE IN BRITISH WATERS was for the Muir Memorial Cup, under the auspices of the Mudhook Yacht Club, on the Clyde. The race was to have been between *Britannia*, *Valkyrie*, *Vigilant*, and *Satanita*, with amateur helmsmen. *Valkyrie* was run into by *Satanita* and sunk, and the latter so damaged that she withdrew. The race, therefore, resolved itself into a struggle between *Britannia* and *Vigilant*, and was won by the former by 35 sec. actual time, and 3 min 3 sec. corrected time, over a fifty-mile course with seven turns, in a strong wind and a smooth sea, in which *Vigilant's* average speed was 8.05 knots per hour. *Vigilant* started well, and at one time led by 3 min. 45 sec. She ran into a calm, however, which gave *Britannia* the lead, and the Prince of Wales's cutter was never afterwards headed.

July 7th.—Same course, under the Royal Clyde Yacht Club's auspices, for the Queen's Cup. Mild sea, slight swell. *Vigilant* was weathered by *Britannia* for three-quarters of the distance before she shook off the cutter and secured the lead in the last round, finishing 1 min. 7 sec. ahead, but losing the race by 1 min. 53 sec. corrected time, her average speed being 8.62 knots per hour.

July 9th.—Same course, and under same club auspices. *Vigilant* led for about half the distance, but ran into a calm, and *Britannia* floated past the winning-line first by 12 min. 33 sec. Average speed 3.51 knots per hour. Race called off when half the distance had been covered—namely, twenty-five miles.

July 10th.—The two yachts met for the Clyde Corinthian Cup over fifty-mile course. Light winds and calms ruled. *Vigilant* defeated by 7 min. 54 sec. Average speed 6.43.

July 11th.—Royal Northern Yacht Club. Fifty-mile course, with nine turns. A flat, fluky race, which *Britannia* won by 24 min. 30 sec. Average speed 6.12 knots.

July 12th.—Same course, under same club auspices. *Vigilant* defeated by 2 min. 50 sec. Average speed 9.04, conditions being a good breeze and smooth sea.

This ended *Vigilant's* Scotch campaign, in which she sustained six straight defeats. Her next appearance was in Irish waters.

July 16th.—Under the auspices of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. Fifty-mile course in Belfast Lough. Eleven turns. American boat had reduced her sail area by shortening topmast and bowsprit, and her allowance to *Britannia* was cut down to 2 min. *Britannia* won the race by 2 min. 41 sec. Average speed 8.83 knots. *Vigilant* at one point of the race was leading by three minutes, when she ran into a calm.

July 17th.—Under same auspices and same course. *Vigilant* won her first race. Average speed 10.33. *Britannia* broke the jaws of her gaff and did not finish. *Vigilant*, however, had a six-minute lead when the accident occurred.

July 20th.—In Dublin Bay, under the auspices of the Royal St. George Yacht Club. Fifty-mile course. Eleven turns. *Britannia* won by 3 min. 17 sec. *Vigilant's* average speed was 8.09 knots, but she was not equal to the alternate calms, fogs, and breezes.

July 21st.—Under same auspices and same course. *Vigilant* won her second race by 1 min. 29 sec. Average speed 6.34 knots. Conditions were not favorable to *Vigilant*, the wind being light and variable, and smooth sea, but this time *Britannia* ran into a calm.

July 23d.—Royal Munster Yacht Club. Fifty-mile course. *Britannia* won by 1 min. 55 sec., entirely through good luck. There was an excellent breeze nearly all the way, and *Vigilant* at one point of the race was leading by seven minutes, but with her usual luck ran into a flat streak. Her average speed was 8.93 knots.

July 24th.—Under the auspices of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, over a 50-mile course with nine turns. *Vigilant* beat *Britannia* by 2 min. 22 sec. Average speed, 9.33. *Vigilant* broke her gaff when the race was three-quarters finished, and as the repairs could not be made in time for the race of the next day, *Britannia* had a walk-over for the prize.

July 28th.—Under the auspices of the Mount's Bay Yacht Club. Fifty-mile course, five turns, in the channel off Penzance. *Britannia* won by 6 min. 23 sec., with a fair breeze.

August 4th.—*Vigilant* beat *Britannia* in the Solent, off Cowes, over a 48-mile course, in a strong wind and lumpy sea, by 4 min. 29 sec. Average speed, 11.70. This was a match race between *Britannia* and *Vigilant* for a hundred-guinea cup, to be paid for by the loser.

August 6th.—Under the auspices of the Royal London Yacht Club, around the Isle of Wight, *Vigilant*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita* competing, *Vigilant* won 6 min. 4 sec. over *Britannia*, *Satanita* being about three-quarters of an hour behind. *Vigilant's* average speed was 7 knots. This was the race in which *Britannia* and *Vigilant* had their most persistent luffing match, and in which both bumped the rocks off Ventnor. It may likewise be said to have furnished the incident that started the vituperation of the British press. During one of the *Britannia-Vigilant* luffing matches Englishmen claim the *Vigilant* called for room, and instead of luffing with *Britannia*, kept on and took the windward position from the British cutter, which is contrary to the English rules under which they were racing.

August 9th.—In the Solent, for the Cowes Town Cup, over a 48-mile course, under conditions that have been called *Vigilant's* weather, *Britannia* won by 4 min. 17 sec., in fast time, *Vigilant's* average speed being 10.10 knots per hour.

August 16th.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club, for the Ryde Town Cup, over a 50-mile course. Won by *Satanita*, which beat *Vigilant* 8 min. 32 sec., while *Britannia* defeated *Vigilant* 3 min. 31 sec. In this race *Britannia* and *Vigilant* engaged in a luffing duel, as though there were no other in the race, and, as usual, the English boat came out the winner.

August 18th.—This was the day they were to have raced for Lord Wolverton's Cup, and on which *Vigilant*, in going out to the starting-line, again bumped on the rocks and jammed her centreboard; her captain thought it lost, and so reported, but in dry dock it was found in the trunk.

August 31st.—Under the auspices of the Royal Dart Yacht Club. *Britannia* not sailing. *Vigilant* walked away from *Satanita*, and had the race well in hand, beating her badly; but the Regatta Committee declared the race off, stating, after it was all over, that it had not been sailed within a certain limit that had not before been even suggested, and thereby drawing upon themselves a great deal of criticism from British yachtsmen.

September 1st.—Under the auspices of the Bay Yacht Club. Somewhat of a repetition, so far as conditions go, of that of August 31st, under the auspices of the Royal Dart Club, only this time the committee awarded the prize to *Vigilant*, which had demonstrated her very great superiority over *Satanita* after sailing over only half the course.

September 5th.—*Vigilant* and *Britannia* were to have raced for the Cape May Cup, but *Vigilant* the day before, on the way up from the scene of her last race, again struck rocks, and this time her centreboard went to the bottom. Mr. Gould wired the Prince of Wales that he would race without the board, if a race was insisted upon, but Wales signifying his willingness, Gould withdrew his challenge for the cup, and *Vigilant* went out of commission.

THE RACING OF THE YACHTING YEAR just drawing to a close on this side has unquestionably been furnished by the little 21-footers which were called into being at the beginning of the season. With us every new class is looked upon as the possible prototype of another lot of racers, and their performance therefore is watched with the greater interest; but in neither the small rating class that lived a short season about Boston last year, nor in these 21-footers, have we learned any lessons nor discovered the prototype of future racer or cruiser. The Boston class was intended, I believe, to provide experiments in models, and we recall that one or two points were utilized in the later designing of yachts with indifferent success; but this year the 21-footer class was built with the sport of racing as the single purpose in view, and regardless of their bearing on future racers.

That these yachting midgets have fulfilled the purpose of their creation no one will dispute. They are miniature fin keels, built somewhat in emulation of the larger members of the cup-defending class and as racing machines only; they are racing toys, backstayed, and braced, and well put together, expensively and stanchly, to carry as much canvas as can be piled on, and to give amateurs an opportunity of getting some of the exhilaration of racing on a craft where they can be captain and crew.

This opportunity to the Corinthian skipper is really the most valuable side of the new class, and it furnishes a very good and the best reason why small classes should be encouraged. We need recruits to our list of amateur helmsmen, and there is no more certain way of securing them than the encouragement of small-boat racing. *Vaquero*, *Houri*, *Dorothy*, *Adelaide*, and *Celia* have done the greatest amount of racing and furnished the best sport of the class.

Maysie and *Minnetonka* began the season well, the latter winning most of the races on her first appearance, and *Maysie* doing good enough work to be regarded as one of the best, but neither has been seen to advantage in recent regattas, nor has *Flirt*, another member of the class.

Vaquero, *Dorothy*, *Celia*, and *Houri* has each had several wins to its credit, but *Vaquero* has, without doubt, performed most consistently, and is entitled to be considered the leader of her class as the season ends. *Dorothy*, without actual figures before us, seems to have ended second, with *Adelaide* and *Houri* close up, while *Celia's* record has been somewhat meteoric; now and again she appears to get into wonderful form, and gives the others a sound beating; again she is not so brilliant a performer, though always good. The most notable feature of this class's racing has been their exceedingly clever handling by Messrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., Royal Phelps Carroll, Butler Duncan, Jun., H. B. Duryea, R. N. Ellis, George Work, H. P. Whitney, Winthrop Rutherford, Gould brothers, W. G. Brokaw, Oswald Sanderson, Dr. John Woodbury, J. T. Lovejoy, W. P. Douglas, Woodbury Kane, and F. P. Sands. Better work has not been seen since yachting became one of our national sports. Which reminds me, too, that the inclination of our sportswomen to small-boat sailing, as evidenced at Newport this season, is doubly gratifying.

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE to declare myself in error last week in saying the Rockaway and Myopia polo teams are to play for a $500 cash prize September 22d. I sincerely wish I might more frequently be called upon to correct my strictures on professional tendencies in the several branches of amateur sport. My error in this case is due to information from a source considered trustworthy at the time, and the knowledge that matches had been played for private stakes led to its acceptance with confidence. The Rockaway-Myopia match is to be for four individual cups, valued at $500, and to be known as the champion cups, the winners being so considered. It was brought about by two Rockaway men, who offered to subscribe $250 each for cups to be played for, as the year's championship trophy, at Cedarhurst, without handicap. As Myopia could not go to Cedarhurst, Rockaway agreed to play on the grounds of the Country Club at Brookline, Myopia supplying the cups. It will be a close match, though the odds seem to be in favor of Rockaway, and the best one of the year.

We felicitate the sportsmanship of the teams in playing for cups, and earnestly hope we may never have occasion to verify the criticism which last week was misdirected.

I HAPPENED LATELY TO HAVE VISITED New Jersey, Westchester County, New York, Connecticut, around Boston, and Long Island at the different country rendezvous of business men, and to have been very much impressed by the increase of four-in-hand driving in all these localities. Newport, of course, does not count, as this is always the home of the coach and its fashionable parades, but in places that are near the city the added number of coaches, breaks, and four-in-hands seems to me to be very great. It does not appear to be necessary to know the people; in fact, nine out of ten are not of the "smart set," which goes to show that it is true sporting blood and not the mere following of the fashionables. The cattle as a rule are very good, in fact, up to show form, and the appointments nearly always excellent. This is indeed most gratifying to the sportsman, and the only comment I have to make is that the driver or owner or host should have pluck or *savoir-faire* enough to request his guests not to appear in yachting caps. I saw a good break and team spoiled by the presence of the yachting cap at Monmouth the other day. The horses were really excellent and stepped and showed well, the leaders especially being great actors—but the yachting cap! It was too bad. Cannot this class of man use his eyes and see what others do?

The hunt clubs are stirring, and it looks as if that best of all sports had taken a bit of a jump again. Mr. Collier's hounds started the ball a-rolling September 1st, at Southampton, which is really the beginning of the legitimate season, such "hunts" as those at Narragansett and Hollywood being best forgotten as soon as possible. They do no good, and make a ridiculous show of a sport that is hard to beat when properly managed, and also hard to keep dignified and respected in the eyes of that army of scoffers who regard it only as English and dudish.

LABOR DAY AT CEDARHURST WAS FULL OF SPORT, from cat-boat racing on the inlet off Far Rockaway and tennis finals in the morning to the gymkhana races in the afternoon at the club. For handicap tennis the game put up by several of the players, who make no pretence to first class, was very good, the prize in the end going to young Master Homans, who played brilliantly at times, but had the advantage of age over some of the old guard, R. A. Peabody hanging on to the last, but not equal to getting about as quickly as his younger opponent.

The races in the afternoon furnished excellent sport and fun, and were voted by all the best ever held at Cedarhurst. Mr. J. E. Cowdin, as usual, took most the prizes, being the most skilful as well as the best mounted. The flat-race, about three-eighths of a mile, and the event of the day, turned out to be about as good as run at Cedarhurst for a long time. There were seven starters, ponies that have been played all season, and was won by E. Stevens, by a head, from Cowdin, with Leonard Jacob, Jun., third, a length away. The first of the gymkhana was the usual saddling and dressing race, which was won by Cowdin, R. T. Francke second, and E. Stevens, third; second, polo, ball and wicket, won easily by Cowdin, E. La Montague, Jun., second, and S. P. Hinkley, third. The donkey-race followed, with every man on the other fellow's entry. It was made up of about as slow a lot as could be found, and was won by Laurence Rand's jack, with E. La Montagne up.

The match game of polo between the Rockaway first team and the "Duffers," of one ten-minute period, with handicap of ten yards, had caused a great deal of previous excitement about the grounds, but no one was prepared for the hoax that followed. In order to keep up the joke, two of the members of the first team knocked the ball about for a time, while all the others were being equipped with paper circus hobby-horses, short polo mallets, caps, etc. At a signal they all came out kicking and prancing, and played a game that was made up chiefly of collisions and fouls. It was very funny, and caused a great deal of amusement to the spectators, but very tiring, I am afraid, to the players. The teams were: First Rockaway—Cowdin, Cheever, R. La Montagne, and E. La Montagne, Jun.; "Duffers"—Hodges, F. Henry, A. Henry, and Jacob. After this came a thread-and-needle race, with riders on bicycles, riders to choose a lady to thread the needle, which brought out a large field, some sixteen starting, and was won, after a hard fight, by F. Henry, ably assisted by Mrs. E. La Montagne, Jun. Master March Harper, assisted by Miss Alice Babcock, was a good second. The cigar and umbrella race caused a great deal of fun, as the wind was blowing hard, and it was difficult to keep the umbrellas intact, and was won by E. La Montagne, Jun., easily, with Mr. Stevens second. The obstacle race, really a hurdle race, as they constituted the obstacles, showed good jumping by the ponies, which were sent along, with Mr. Cowdin setting the pace from the start, and winning nicely from J. D. Cheever, who rode very well on a green pony, E. Stevens being third.

The day's sport wound up with two dashes for sons of members under fifteen years and under eighteen years of age. The first was won by Master Post by a scant margin from Master M. La Montagne. The second was cleverly won, and in good style, by Master Lefferts. Nothing develops the good sporting spirit and relish for out-of-doors as these suburban sports, and they ought to become more a feature of country-club entertainments. They are wholesome, full of vigorous exercise, and great fun.

THE TENTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT of the Southern California Lawn-Tennis Association, just completed on the Santa Monica Casino Courts, was notable from the fact of two challenge cups (the All Comers Singles and the Association Singles) being won outright.

R. P. Carter has secured the championship on five occasions, and this year marking his third consecutive win he retains the challenge cup. He did not play so well as he has formerly, and in his match with F. Bumiller failed of making sufficient use of his full volleying strength. He is a remarkably quick, sure volleyer, but has no severity in any of his strokes, though he places beautifully.

The best play of the tournament was furnished by the doubles in the Acker and Wilson and R. P. and F. Carter matches, and the most excitement when, in the finals, two boys, Freeman and Pitcher, defeated the veteran Carter brothers. The former match was a relief because of the hard driving, the previous play in the tournament being somewhat of the order of "baby" tennis. In the first set Acker and Wilson were 5–2, and on four occasions were within an ace of winning the set, which, however, they failed to do. Curiously enough this again happened in the second set, with the same result.

The finals in the doubles caused a great deal of excitement. Pitcher and Freeman perform very well for two such young players, show no nervousness whatever, are steady, and have considerable skill. Pitcher plays in the better form, but Freeman was just as effective. It took five sets to arrive at a decision.

Alexander, winner of the Association singles, all things considered, is somewhat of a remarkable player. When he appeared on the court to defend the cup he had not played a game of tennis since the tournament a year ago. He at once proceeded to defeat W. Lester, All Comers winner (a hard driver and good all-round player), in the easiest manner for two sets, the scores being 6–0, 6–1, confining his play almost entirely to volleying. He then tired, and lost two sets (5–7 and 3–6), but recovering again, won the next in 6–0 in the same resistless fashion. It is a pity he did not play in the All Comers singles at Newport, since, with practice, he would make a good showing.

The Ladies' singles were won by Miss Marion Jones, a sixteen-year-old daughter of Senator Jones, of Nevada, and a most promising player.

Judged by the attendance, there is no sign of diminution in California lawn-tennis, but from a critical point of view the tournament was a trifle mediocre.

THE NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB brought its season to a close by its Labor-day games, which furnished a lengthy and thoroughly excellent programme, and with its larger rival, the New York A. C., shares the reputation of having been the most active promulgator of amateur athletics in '94.

The national athletic championships to be held at Travers Island on the 15th promise good performances, but less uncertainty as to winners than any in five years. The general stagnation in club athletics has furnished few new men this year, and those few have joined the large clubs. It looks as if New York and Philadelphia would take all the events.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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"VIGILANT" AND "BRITANNIA" IN THE COWES AND RYDE TOWN CUP RACES.

(Continued from page 883.)

Satanita's weather, quite out of the question for either yacht to expect to make up. They were helped, however, on the beat back by a shift of wind to the northward, which enabled them to make Old Castle Point instead of Osborne Bay, as *Satanita* had done, and by this they gained fully four minutes on the winner.

Vigilant had been leading *Britannia* all the first round by nearly two minutes; but on the second round, when running for the Nab, *Britannia* was favored by an extra puff, which, as it came up astern, caught her first and brought her up almost abreast, so that the two yachts rounded the Nab together.

In order to shake off *Vigilant* for the beat home, *Britannia* played the old game on *Vigilant* which, before now, the latter has tried on *Britannia*, viz., that of making a pretence of tacking, but filling again on the original tack. *Britannia* is so quick on the helm that this time Captain Haff was fairly caught napping, and *Britannia*, after having thrown off her opponent, cross-tacked her all the way home; and not only this, but showed again on the American each time she put about. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since *Vigilant's* keel was badly ricked when she touched bottom in her race round the Isle of Wight, and the damage had not been repaired, the diver who had been employed to go down and discover if the yacht had come to any harm having reported that there was nothing much amiss. She has now gone into dock.

It is very amusing to read the letters and opinions that appear from time to time in our sporting and other papers about the big clipper races, for they all seem to jump at their conclusions in too great a hurry. The pet opinion seems to be that the trip across the Herring Pond spells rank ruination to competitors undertaking it, and as this was put forward as an apology for *Valkyrie*, so now *Vigilant* is given the benefit of that excuse. There were many yachting experts, whatever may be said now, who from the very first believed *Britannia* to be a better boat than her Scotch sister, and it seems to me that in judging those boats by their past performances, as also *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*, and *Vigilant* and *Britannia*, not nearly enough is made of the methods in sailing them. It is impossible not to believe that if *Vigilant*, on returning back to Long Island Sound, were to race against her old opponents there, her speed would not be found to have lessened one bit from the fact of her having voyaged to England and back; neither can it be accepted that *Valkyrie* suffered to the detriment of speed by the bucketing she went through on her way over to America. *Britannia* has been and is sailing remarkably well this season, just as she did last year, but it cannot be proved that she is sailing any, if at all, better than in her races against *Valkyrie*, and it will be quite time enough, after the last race has been sailed, for those who have followed the ins and outs of the several races to begin to express an opinion or to form an approximate judgment on the merits of the three yachts—*Vigilant*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*—as compared with each other.

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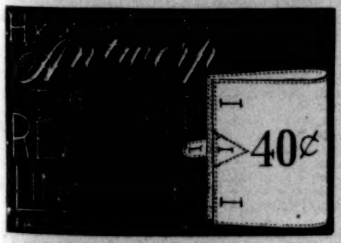

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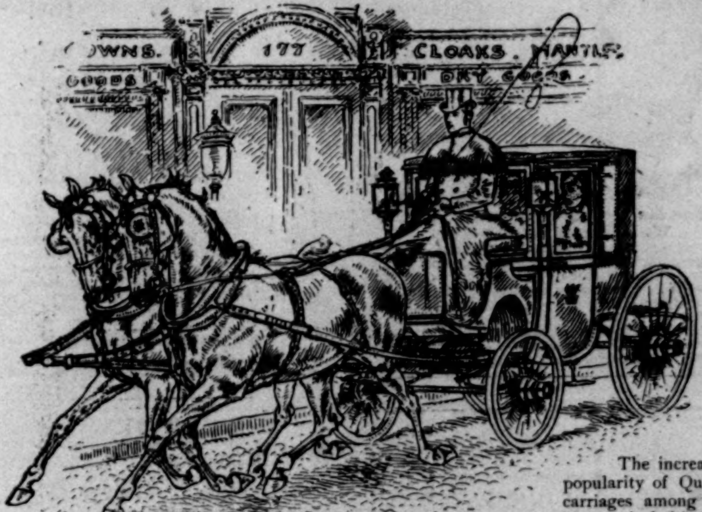

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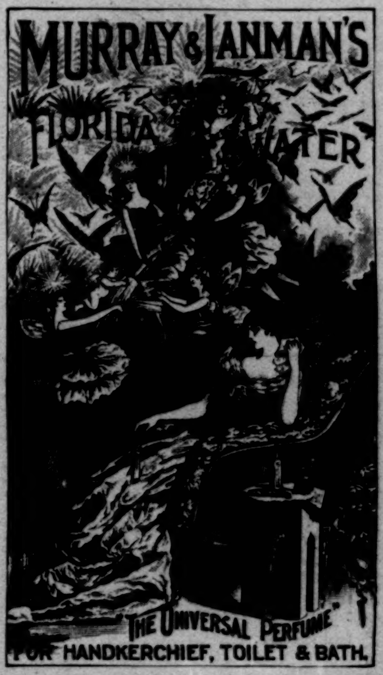

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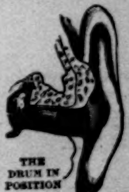

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